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FT MEADE
GenColl

JOUSTINGS

FOREWORD

Through meadow gates and fragrant hedges;
By mantled pools and fallen trees;
By babbling brooks where thick grass wedges;
Through dewey fern with the humming bees.

Through last year's leaves in hollow places,
And vistas green arched overhead;
Through sunlit spots and shady traces
Of shadows flitting like spooks in dread.

The whistling squirrel springs through the branches;
The robins chirp and thrushes trill;
The rabbit rests upon his haunches,
And listening, leaps across the rill.

Through solemn gloom of gloaming darkness
From mass of leaves on trees o'erspread,
There comes a burst of brilliant brightness
When sun peeps through a branch o'erhead.

* * * *

The mem'ries which drip Sir,
From youth's early teens,
And seep through the sorrows
Which tinge too, our dreams,
Bring to us the fragrance
Of sweet scented rose,
Through fields, which the by-ways
And highways—enclose.

The old thoughts which linger
And cause us to blush,
Are ever awakened
With the trill of the thrush,
While the song of the robin
In twilight, when clear,
Brings to us a heart throb
Which hastens—a tear.

Then thoughts too, come to us
When looking through space,
With a smile,—now so near us
On a well beloved face,
And the sound of a gurgle
A sweet note,—a laugh,
That trills all the future
Which now seems,—but half.

These thoughts which with day dreams
Are tinted so rare,—
So hazy, so dream-like,
So filmy,—yet fair,
Are tinged too, with heart thrills
Which make us to seem,
A part of this future,—
A throb of this dream.

* * * *

Wrapt in melody of old time song,
Which through the ages come to throng
The memory, with strains of tune,
Like shadows from the distant moon.

And now the dreamer softly plays
The tunes in trills of other days,
While swift the fingers touch the keys
Which open dreams of—yesterdays.

JOUSTS

JOUSTS?

Just a smile Dear,
A pure creation,
A symptom of thought strangulation,
Where nothing dreamed of
Doth appear,
Just a wrinkle,—with nothing near.
Just a smile, Dear,
An indication,
Of nothing, only imagination
That smiling pleases
Or else deceives
The—smiled at person—, the "smiled" believes.

* * * *

Just a smile Dear,
A facial friction,
Where naught of fact
Disturbs a fiction,
And all of fancy
Without a thought,
Is painted—empty,
Or else forgot.

Just a smile Dear,
An artful action
Of muscles moving
In distraction,—
A spasm spreading
For a while:
A phantom—vacant,
Yet—a smile.

* * * *

Just a love thrill
Throbbing through,
From an eye-glance
Dear,—from you:
Just a current
From a flash
Of a love gleam
Neath a lash.

Just a love throb
From the heart
Which is thrilling
Every part,
Just a love lisp,
Words,—a dream:
Speech is silence—
Love—between.

* * * *

Just a nose upon a face,
Moving gentle—like a trace
Of a shadow from a roll
Wiggling gently,—from a hole.

Just a nose which no-one knew
That as nose, it ever grew,—
Placed above an opening wide
Which no lips could ever hide.

Just a nose with nervous twitch,
As if something born to itch
Had been fastened on a face
There,—to wiggle,—any place.

Just a nose and—nothing more:
All things added, to encore,
Just a roll of nothing less
Than a seam of nothin-ness.

* * * *

Just a flower born to blush
For an hour—then to crush,
Just a rose upon a stem,
Torn—to wither,—
Whither,—when?

Just a faded little rose,
Pinned and jaded on his clothes,
Neath a smoking cigarette,—
Born to wither, sure—you bet.

* * * *

Just a dream of better days;
Just a hope through hazy ways:
Just a love of old time trails:
Just a faith in brighter tales.

Just a sigh which softens tears,
Just a glimpse of other years,
Just a peep into the past,
Just this dream,—is all I ask.

* * * *

Just a hate, which never dies,
Which onward, upward, ever flies.
Just a sting, which ever smites,
And never quenches, through the rights.

Just a hate, which always burns,
Which inward, outward, ever turns.
Just a dream, which never lies,
And never falters through the sighs.

* * * *

Just a taste of common sense,
Oozing, trickling somewhere, whence?
Just a drip of something sane,
Flits across a clouded brain.

Just a thought from out the past,
Like a shadow traveling—fast,
Passes dimly through the mind:
Giving sight to eyes,—long blind,
Of a face,—now fading,—fair:
Sparkling eyes too soft to stare,
Rosebud cheeks, with tinted blush:
Beauty painted with life's brush.

Just a dream too short to scan,
Gliding inward through this man:
Just a shadow of a trace
Of sense upon a senseless face.

* * * *

Just a sigh from old winds freighted
With a fragrance of the past.
Just a whiff from old blooms wafted
Through the chilling arid blast.

Just a sigh from old eyes sparkling
Through a brilliance softly sheened:
Just a chain of old ties breaking
Through the strain of ages—dreamed.

* * * *

Just a topic no-one thinks of,—
Just a subject doomed to die.
Just a love glance gleamed un-noticed:
Just a twinkle of an eye.

Just an object no-one cares for,—
Just a fool thing, born for fun.
Just a love lisp with a heart sting:
Just a tickle from a tongue.

* * * *

Just a rose which in mid-winter
Chilled and crusted o'er with ice,
Clings to bush, while from its center
Blush tints spread to tinge it twice.

Just a rose which blushes deeply
Through the snowflakes falling fast,
Just a rose which swaying meekly
Charms the chill from out the blast.

* * * *

Just a new blush from an old rose
Left to wither, fade and die.
Just a sunbeam through a moongleam
From a clouded darkened sky.

Just a new blush through the old leaves,
Withered crumpled,—faded through,—
Just a new blush through the old bush,—
Just an old tint—over due.

* * * *

Just a tutored smooth tongued rascal,
Cultured, curried slick and clean:
One of those who knows the fashion,—
When to fawn, and when to—scream.

Just a fulsome flowery speaker,—
Dreamy, dazzling, sparkling, bright:
One of those who streaks the sunshine
To paint visions of the night.

Just a tinted thorough rascal,—
Tinged with taint so deep within,
That all light which shines hereafter
Could not find one spot in him.

Just an opal polished thinker,—
Smeared with truth to cover crime:
One of those whom social laughter
Glints with gems to jewel slime.

* * * *

Just a smile in sorrow set.
Just a hope from vain regret.
Just a joy which peeps through pain.
Just a dream which dawns again.

Just an ache which tinges thought:
A throb of grief in joy begot.
Just a pang which taints a theme.
Just a sob,—with smiles between.

Just a ray through sorrow's cloud.
A thrill of life within a shroud.
Just a gleam of softest gloam,—
Which tinges grief with thoughts of home.

Just a dart which pierces through
All the joys we ever knew.
Just a hope we can't reclaim,
Which paints a smile in tints of pain.

* * * *

Just a theme of softest touch:
A pleasant thought which softens much.
Just a dream which soothes the mind
And gives to grief that gentler kind.

Just a gleam of slightest tint
From brighter days, where sunbeams glint:
A newer shade of softer gloom,
Where hopes are forming o'er the tomb.

Just a smile of slightest trace,—
Sarcastic like,—stamped on a face.
Just a twitch,—a throb, a thrill
Which frozen once, seems frosted still.

Just a smile, deep set within,
Which seeping through,—breaks out on him:
Just a smile which seems to say
Sarcastic like, I've worked my way.

* * * *

Just a little pansy
With a violet blush:
A tiny leaflet
Made of velvet plush,
A soft tinged tinsel
Of varied hues,—
From the brightest yellow
To the softest—blues.

Just a little pansy
With soft violet tints,—
A tiny leaflet
Which of velvet—hints.
A deep tinged flower
Where colors ooze
From the brightest yellow
To the softest—blues.

* * * *

Just an old odd relic
Of an ancient ruin,—
Where the thistles scatter
And the gymsoms bloom;
Where the ivies clasping
The seared brick wall
Seem with their tendons
To stop its fall.

Just an old odd relic
Where the sunbeams gloam,
And all of bright tints
Seem to lose their tone.
Where the buzzards circle
And the "hoot owls" cry,
And the winds keep mourning
And all things sigh.

* * * *

Just a heart throb slightly thrilled
With a hope dream half fulfilled:
Just an aching fear of heart
That this love theme, may depart.

Just a heart throb tinged from truth
With a love thrill filmed from youth.
Just an aching fear of mind,
That this love may prove unkind.

* * * *

Just a notion,—half a giggle,
Of a motion like a wiggle,—
Which o'erspreads the upper lip
To make it,—from the under slip.

Just a tingle from a trickle
Of a jingle in a tickle,—
Which o'erspreads the other half,
As it slips into a laugh.

* * * *

Just a tear which trickles slowly
Down the cheek of middle age,
Just a fear which saddens surely
All the thoughts upon life's page.

Just a theme which tints tomorrow
With the tinge of yesterdays:
Just a dream of last year's sorrow
Which now fogs the next with haze.

* * * *

Just a flower,—nothing rude,
On a stamen almost nude:
Nothing left but withered leaves
Rustling with the wind,—which grieves.

Just a flower bleaching pale:
Listening to the moaning wail
Of the wind and rustling leaves,
As the one,—with other, grieves.

* * * *

Just a fever filmed with flush,
Painting cheeks with beauty's blush,
Brightening eyes with brilliant beams,
Filling mind,—with lurid dreams.

Just a fever tinged with dread,
Painting spooks around the bed,—
Scattering saints 'mong demons blue
Filling mind with dreams untrue.

* * * *

Just a foolish little fly
Buzzing briskly near the eye,
Trying for to take a sip
Of these gleams which from it,—slip.

Just a foolish little fly,—
Busy buzzing telling why
It so loves these little flashes
Which light up the maiden's lashes.

* * * *

Just a lively little fellow
With a voice so rich and mellow,
Chanting themes from golden dreams.
Just a happy little urchin
Who had never gone a-searching
For the gleams which sorrow sheens.

Just a gleeful joyous singer
With a tone which loves to linger,
Singing lays of olden days.
Just a lively little fellow
With a voice so rich and mellow,
Painting ways through golden haze.

* * * *

Just a perfume one-time sweet
From a flower sometime neat:
Just a wilted faded rose
Clinging to a dude-let's clothes.

Just a faded wilted rose,
Drooping dying on some clothes:
Oozing perfume sometime sweet
From its petals one-time neat.

Just a flower, nothing more,
With some fragrance scattered o'er:
Just an old rose wilted dead,
Clinging to a maiden's head.

Just an old rose wilted dead,
Wobbling o'er this maiden's head:
Just a flower nothing more
With some fragrance scattered o'er.

* * * *

Just a face and nothing more,—
A something filmy which he wore
Upon the front part of his head
While all the rest of him seemed fled.

Just a face a feature slight,
Which wiggled sometimes in the light,
As, if a twitch of smile forgot
Were breaking through in one lone spot.
Just a face—the merest shell
Of something lifelike on a pill:
A kind of something painted there
Which gave the pill a vacant stare.

Just a face which somehow grew
Upon his head, why? no-one knew:
It never laughed, or grinned, or smiled,
But seemed to grow there,—simply wild.

* * * *

Just a gloam of nether night
Which comes to gloom a day so bright,
Where happy thoughts and thrills of cheer
Paint all of joys in smile-blends near.

Just a gloam which glooms the day,
And drives all thrills of joy away:
Those happy thoughts are now but gleams
Which glint through haze of distant dreams.

* * * *

Just a tear drop oozing nigh,
Peeping through a muffled sigh,
Brilliant as the morning dew
Filled with tints of diamond hue.

Just a tear drop from a friend,
Who has brilliants now to lend:
Little pearl drops oozing nigh
From a dreamy filmy eye.

* * * *

Just a smile so vague and broken,
Just a gleam of tinted care:
Wrinkled wreaths of grief's own token,—
Just a smile—in frowns—laid bare.
Just a smile encased in trouble,
Just a glint of joy so brief:
Just the casings of a bubble
Which is filled with sadder grief.

* * * *

Just a tongue without a trill
Sweet words spoken—sounding ill.
Just a lisp of love so sad,—
That all love tones seem—too bad.

Just a tongue of all tongues drear,
Sad tones tempting terrors near:
Sighs from sadness seeping through
Each sweet word he ever knew.

* * * *

Just a laugh without a trace
Of any smile which tints a face.
Just a tone tinged with a shriek
The kind of thrill deliriums speak
Just a shadow past and gone:
A light through darkness, shade and sun:
Just a passing cloud of mist
Just a smile with shadows kissed.

* * * *

Just a little sigh of love
From a shadow from above,
Just a thrill of pure delight
Which comes throbbing through the night.

Just a smile which brightens space
As a star shoots out of place:
Just a ray of purest love
From this shadow from above.

Just a gleam of rarest light
Which now tints the darkest night:
Just a twinkle twinkling near
From an eyelash—ever dear.

Just a little gem of love
Falling from the skies above:
Just a light of purest ray
Making night eternal day.

* * * *

Just a blush fresh painted, Dear:
Flushed with carmine,—tinted near
Two little dimples slightly made
From a shadow mixed with shade.

Just a lash of lovely hair
Dipped in varnish richly rare:
Covering eye-beams sparkling bright
Fringed with tints of painted night.

Just a patch of painted skin
Wrinkling smiles from out within,—
Just a penciled painted brow:
A thing of beauty,—moving now.

Just a scene in colors quaint:
A gorgeous dream in tinted taint:
Just a smile—by artist drawn
On a face retouched—to pawn.

* * * *

Just a little peach a-blushing,
Just a little tint of red
Oozing through two cheeks now flushing
With the heat of something—said.

Just a little gem of passion,
Just a little gleam so bright
Leaping through two eyes now flashing
With the spark of love's own light.

* * * *

Just a tinge of beauty:
Nothing more.
Just a thing to look at—
And encore.
Just a dream in tinted cream
Of a lovely face-scape scene
Just a beam of beauty
From the store.

Just a task of duty:
Nothing more.
To become a beauty—
Au Revoir.
Just a little exercise:
In painting cheeks and tinting eyes,
With a splash of beauty
From the store.

* * * *

Just a gleam of creeping sunshine
Peeping through a knot-hole near:
Just a stream of golden sunshine
Seeping through a room so drear.

Just a gleam of joyful old-times
Creeping through an eye-lash near;
Just a beam of brilliant eye-flames
Bursting through a dimmer tear.

* * * *

Just a notion—nothing more,
Of what the world may have in store
For—you and me.
Just a little touch of thought
Of what the world must have forgot
For you and me.

Just a notion—nothing much:
Of what we'd like to have and touch—
Both—you and I.
Just a little tinted scheme
Of what we'd like to do and dream:
Just you and I.

* * * *

Just a twitch—which there—did duty:
Just a flit across the face:
Just a touch of inlaid beauty
Which was meant a smile to trace.

Just a shift of awkward wrinkle
With a gush of chuckless chaff:
Just a sound of senseless tinkle
Which the owner called a laugh.

* * * *

Just a feeling of regret
Which we'd like to now forget,
Just a kind of mental strain
Which stings somewhat like a pain.
Just a dream which kind of thrills
With a thought which startles ills:
Just an ache which nowhere ends
Something—somewhere—near our friends.

Just a pang which comes through space
Like an anguish out of place.
Just a pain—not well defined
Which seems nowhere yet confined.
Just a wind which circling tints
All our thoughts with hurtful hints:
Just a feeling of regret
Which we'd like to now—forget.

* * * *

Just a tint with nothing in't—
A tinge of space, without a trace
Of any face.

Just a thought which when forgot
Now, leaves a fear—a feeling queer
Of someone—near.

Just a dream of something seen—
Though when—or where—or foul, or fair,
No eye can swear.

Just a whim, which seems to limn
The atmosphere with photos near:
Of smile—and tear.

* * * *

Just a gleam, so far away
That but the faintest smallest ray
Comes glinting through the misting space
To paint a smile on someone's face.

Just a light which from afar
Comes peeping through as, if a star
Had dropped a smile through twinkling space
To paint a gleam on—every face.

* * * *

Just a sadness—not a sorrow:
Tinged with thoughts of joy tomorrow.
Just a dream of better hours
Filled with fumes of sweeter flowers.

Just a shadow rayed with faith gleams
Tinged with hope of love's sweet youth dreams:
Just a whiff of fragrant flowers
Through a glimpse of better hours.

* * * *

Just an old smile from an old friend:
The smile which comes from out the past:
From boyhood days, when youth's bright rays
Tinged cheeks with tints which could not last.

Just an old smile from an old friend:
From pale lips and wrinkled brow:
Just an old smile in the old style—
A smile which beams more brilliant—now.

* * * *

Just a flower: a pansy blossom
Drenched with rain and spread o'er earth;
Just a sun ray which tints this flower
And brings to life this pansy's mirth.

Just a fellow: a fellow's brother
Blenched with grief and bowed to earth;
Just a smile Sir which tints this fellow
And brings to life—this fellow's worth.

* * * *

Just a rose—a fading flower
Which now, but chills within the hour:
Where petals drooping, still with blush:
Shriveling—pleads for tongues to hush.

Just a rose—in beauty tinted,
One large white rose with blushes painted:
Its petals drooping—torn from bush,
Shriveling—pleads for cheeks to blush.

* * * *

Just a simple playful smile,
Sweetly pleasing all the while:
Just a deft,—though pleasant grin
Shadowing soulful dreams within.

Just a dreamy hazy trace
Of something lurking 'neath a face:
Just a touch of sinful art,—
Tinged with love to play the part.

Just a wiggling little smile,
Sneaking smoothly all the while
O'er the lips, and cheeks, and chin,—
Shielding all that sleeps within.

Just a smiler's smile-tone tint,—
Where but love gleams only glint:
Just a touch of serpent's taint.
To hide the sneer beneath the paint.

* * * *

Just a seed of hope—a thought
Sprouting where,—twas near forgot:
A little germ which starts to grow
Where hope was scattered—long ago.

Just a seed of hope,—a sprout
A kind of gleam,—which softens doubt:
A little spray of better thought
Nooked in a lone forgotten spot.

* * * *

Just a fool thought Sir
Which causes a smile:
A nudge Sir—of nothing
Which tickles awhile.
Just a queer dream Sir
Of something so small,
A kind of a chuckle
O'er nothing at all.

Just a fool thought Sir
Which kind of peeps in:
A sort of a dreaming
Which puckers the chin,
A kind of a tickle
Which sleeps in a thought,
And loosens the wrinkles
Of some smile—forgot.

GLOAMS AND GUESSES

Into the shade of perfect green
Where sunlight leaps and peeps between,
And flits with joy:
Into the shades of quiet rest
Where thrush and robin build their nests,
And tempt the boy
To mirthful screams.

Into these depths of perfect shade
Where dreams of hope and love are made,
And fancies thrill:
Into this heart of fluttering trees
Where brooklets bathe the scattered leaves,
And twilights fill
The dawn of dreams.

Into this sphere of tint's repose
Where daisies, bluebells and the rose
O'er-dot the ground:
Into this dreamy quiet nook
Where diamonds sparkle from the brook
And flash around,
I'll take a stroll.

Into this home of idle boy
Which gives to age the thrill of joy,
And paints its youth:
Into this nook of nature's dream
Where old men think that boys—they seem,
And wicked truth
Ne'er taints the soul.

* * * *

Melancholy—thou art gone:
And with thee too
All tints which paint the purplish hue.
The sun's now bright,—
And grass more green,
And all of nature seems—agleam.

Melancholy—thou art gone:
And with thee too
The sigh which caused the trees to brew.
The winds now blow
A sweater moan,
And all of nature seems at home.

Melancholy—thou art gone:
And with thee too
The gloam which gloomed the sparkling dew.
The brooklet breathes
A gurgling lisp,
And all of nature seems more crisp.

Melancholy—thou art gone:
And with thee too
The dream which darkened all I knew.
Those sad, sad thoughts,
Are sadder—when
We think of nature, as,—of men.

* * * *

An old man's fancy:
A clouded dream.
A half-remembered
Forgotten theme.
A joy-thought tinting
A saddened heart:
A smile-gleam sparkling,
Where—shadows part.

An old man's fancy—
With youth—when vain:
When new thoughts wander
To old—again.
A dream of old times
So far—away,—
That only fancy
Could lead—astray.

An old man's fancy:
A dream,—that's all:
Where old hopes gather
In groups—to fall:
A happy hope scene
When hopes were high,
And naught but hope gleams
Could tint a sigh.

An old man's fancy—
When dreams draw near,
And all of hope seems
Too hopeless here:

An hour's pleasure
With hopes untrue:
To dream these dreams Dear
Anew—Anew.

* * * *

Let me sink to my tomb Dear,
As the sun sinks to rest.
Let my breath fade as gently
As the tints from the west.
Let my heart throb as kindly
As the last flickering ray
When it tints with its shadows
The last gleam of day.

Let me sink to my tomb Dear,
With mem'ries as green
As bubble from brooklets,
With nooklets—between:
Let me think of the flowers
And grass and the trees,—
And the twitter of leaflets
As they stir in the breeze.

Let me sink to my tomb Dear,
With love in my ears,
With the trills of the song birds
Which youth alone—hears:
Let me sound the last treble
In tune with the thrush,
And sigh with the winds
Which sweep the low bush.

Let me sink to my tomb Dear,
With hope that a friend
May greet me and guide me
To my journey's end:
Let me feel a friend's grasp Sir:
A love-link's entwine,
A hand that holds hope Dear:
An old friend of mine.

* * * *

A feeling akin to a fondness
For old times, and old friends
Now gone,

Comes o'er me with thrills of a sadness
When old times in old songs
Are sung.

A dreaming akin to a sleeping
Creeps o'er me when old times
Seem near:
Oh Dear me how oft in this creeping,
I dream of the old friends
So—dear.

* * * *

Some day we'l wander
Through the bright blue sky,
And speak to spectres
In the moon:
We'l sail through cycles
Where harmonics sigh,
To catch a love lisp
From the tomb.

Some day we'l wander
Where the bright stars glow,
To meet the angels
Of our dreams:
We'l trip through meadows
Where bright brilliants grow
And gather daisies
From love—scenes.

* * * *

A picture haunts me, so true to life,—
Transcendent sweetness,—tinged with sad.
A love-smile tainted with tintless strife,
Where some of goodness too, blends with bad:
A face so lovely with eyes so fair,—
That all of nature with love,—seems there.

The face is lovely,—all bleached to white,
The light hair curls too, down below,—
While soft expression beams from the eyes
Tinged with a wildness—now all aglow,
And hope and sorrow too intervene
To paint distraction o'er her dream.

* * * *

I too, have dreamed Dear, what others dreamed,
And tried to dream Dear, the same dreams o'er,
For all of earth Dear, seemed but, ill themed,
When your sweet lips Dear, did not encore.

I too have sought thee, when others smiled,
And tried to woo thee, to love thee more,
For all on earth Dear, seemed not worth whiled
When your sweet lips Dear said nothing more.
I too shall love thee when life has fled,
And no life-themes Dear can intervene:
The one sweet dream Dear, when I am dead
Shall be thy smile Dear in one smile dream.

I too shall seek thee where angels smile
And try to woo thee, tho God be nigh,
I'll try to steal Dear a kiss worth while:
Just one sweet smile beam to tint the sky.

* * * *

Let me paint her life in the joy:
Of the fireside circle,—
And the lively summer group—
Through the sultry fields at noon time,
And the shadowy moonlit nook.

Let me paint her smile:
The gay outburst of tuneful treble;
And write her music—there,
Dipped in love's own brilliant bubble,—
Neath the lash of nut-brown hair.

Let me paint her tear:
As the gem of glistening nature
Wells up in sympathy:
These dreams and a thousand others
Bring home sweet dreams to me.

* * * *

Blow a bubble and let it fly
Off into the tinted sky:
Thus shall you and I,—too die,
Die—yes die,—you and I.

Waft a bubble tinged with blue
Off into the realms of dew:
Thus shall you and I too fly,
Fly—yes fly,—you and I.

Like a bubble which none can trace
Off into o'er-reaching space:
Thus shall you and I too die,
Die—yes die,—you and I.

Like a bubble filled with air
Whirling, whirling everywhere;
Thus shall you and I,—too fly,
Fly,—yes fly,—you and I.

* * * *

Tears which drip from dullest eyes
Oft are tinged with brilliant dyes.
Diamond sparks from brilliant gems
Oft times gloam the light of friends.

Tinted hopes with brilliant theme
Bring to life a sadder dream.
Truth is but the duller part
Of what we think,—the rest is art.

* * * *

Tinted tears 'neath golden lashes
Brilliant gleams of sorrow's flashes:
Trouble's themes through eye-lash—glow
In the dreams of—long ago.

Tears now bright with mem'ries' dreaming
Brilliant with the grief thought's gleaming:
Trouble's themes in eye-lash—glow
Through the dreams of—long ago.

* * * *

In the evening twilight
When the sun-rays gloam,
And the moonbeams silver
The dear old home,
And the stars slow gather
With uncertain gleam:
Tis then I'll greet thee
To share thy dream.

In the morning stillness
When the dawn is nigh,
And the sun with moon tints
Slow paint the sky,
And the shades of night's gloom

Still hover near,
Tis then I'll kiss thee
And disappear.

* * * *

When the moon rays gather
To haze the gloom,
And spectres nimble
Creep from each tomb,—
And shadows tremble
As if from fright,—
Hand in hand—Love
We'l walk through night.

When the tree toads treble
And soft winds sigh,
And dry leaves rustle
Like spirits nigh,
And dew drops brilliant
As if from fright,
Hand in hand,—Love,
We'l walk through night.

* * * *

In the mid-night forest
Where the moonlight gloams,
And the shrill winds whistle
And the soft wind moans,
And the "hoot owl" screeches—:
What a mournful sigh
Seems to spread all over
The tree-tops—nigh.

In the mid-night forest
Where the darkness glooms,
And the brooklet bubbles
As tongues from tombs,
And whip-poorwill's whistling—;
What a mournful sigh
Seems to spread all over
The tree-tops—nigh.

* * * *

In the cheeks: a blush tinge
A reflection,—
Lingering softly,—
An affection:

Just a shade of blushes old
Which tints the cheeks
Where griefs are told.

In the eye: a lustre
Just a gloom tint,—
A spark half gloaming
Tinged with joy spent,—
Just a beam from pleasures past
Which tints the eye
With sorrow's cast.

In the voice: a tremor,
Just a quiver—
A tone uncertain
A thrill, a shiver,—
Just a trace of something sad
Which tints with grief
The words—now said.

* * * *

In the old time
Life was blushing
Now 'tis pale
With wrinkled care,
Who can dream
When youth is gushing,
How old age
Shall spend its share.

In the old time
Life was laughter,
Now 'tis moist
With trickling tear,
Who can say
In death's hereafter
We shall smile
Forever—Dear.

* * * *

Oh shallowness,
How much I love thee,
Sincerity,
How thee I hate,
Give me Dear
A shallow smoothness

To hide all thoughts
When e'er I spake.

Oh policy,
How I revere thee.
And earnestness
How foolish thou.
Give me Dear
A learned lightness
To hide all hate,
Beneath my brow.

* * * *

A babe so bright with ways so old,
That all his words are tinged with gold,
And every sigh is wisdom—sung:
A prodigy—so wise,—so young.

A child so wise that all words tint
A truth profound with every hint,
And thought so rare, that none can guess
How one so wise can be so less.

A "kid" so keen with tongue so sly
That all of humor seems to die:
As wisdom wings to every flight
And foolish phantoms flee from sight.

Mong men so meek with minds so dull
That naught but languor haunts their skull:
How strange this babe,—this youth so bright,
Should grope in darkness with his light.

* * * *

Something good,—and nothing bad,—
Something that we should have had:
Nothing of a something—mean,
Should be in this nothing dream.

Something joyful,—nothing sad,—
Something smiling gleeful—glad:
Nothing of a something tear
Should be in this nothing sphere.

* * * *

Speaking of the olden time
When laughter was the rule,
And serious thought had not yet crowned

The fashions as a school:
Don't you believe that those olden days
Were better days than these
When each one tries to not to smile
And instead of laugh—to sneeze.

Speaking of the olden times
Calls back that chuckling tone:
The rippling gurgling merry laugh
Where all of mirths at home:
Oh give me back those olden days,
Those better days of "teens",
When all of life seems joy and play,
And hope a—better dream.

* * * *

To laugh the laugh
Which all men laugh,
And not it over-do,
Is not so much of ecstasy
As those who watch—
Think true.

To curb this laugh
And keep within
The purview of a smile,
Is not so much a merriment
As those who look
Think while.

To paint this laugh
With tints of style
And make those tints shade real,
Is not, as such,—
An easy task,
As those who see,—too feel.

* * * *

A grunt,—a snort:
A trilless rumble
That sputters out
A kind of grumble:
A buzzing bungling
Bumbling noise,—
Which knocks the grunter
Out of poise.

A smile,—a laugh:
An awkard chuckle
That bubbles through
A kind of knuckle:
Which grows upon
A withered face:
A sort of hole
Stretched out of place.

HEADS AND FACES

A touch of the artist
A trace of his tint,
In crayon on canvas
To teach us a hint:
A blush from his genius
A smile from his cheek,
An eyeful of brilliants
Which fade as we speak.

A twitch from his mustache,
A toss of his hair,
A crimping of eyebrows
Which teach us to stare:
A twink of his eyelids
Which goes with a sneer,
Brings eye-fulls of brilliants
For us Sir—to wear.

* * * *

And live we must
Through every hour,
That tempts with pain
Or fragrant flower.

How sweet the face,
How bright the eye,
How smooth the tongue,
And yet,—they lie:
This face so sweet,
This eye so bright,
This tongue so smooth,
Shall lie—tonight.

The fragrance of
A little hour,
Shall balm the pain
Of grief's short hour.

To not forget
Is too—not clever
To think on time
And pain forever:
Should any school
Delight in this:
How much of folly
Were in bliss.

And yet the fumes
Of wilted Flowers
May spoil the fragrance
Of these hours.

* * * *

It matters little
What we think,
Or what we do,
Or what we wear:
We must move onward
To the brink,—
Where all we'l crave
Is but—a prayer.

It matters little
What we know,
Or what we preach,
Or tell, or pray:
We must move onward
Ever go
To that last hour
Of some—today.

* * * *

A little breath:
A lisp of praise
To please a friend
And catch his gaze:
The slightest hint
Of—nothing much,
To tint the temper
Of his touch.

A gurgling breath:
A lisp of laugh
To please a friend
In your behalf:
The softest trace
Of artful guile—
To tempt the
Treasure of his smile.

* * * *

Come close my friend
And let me see,
How much of "you"

There is in "thee":
If all of "thee"
Should be but "you"
There's naught of "me"
Which can come through.

Come close my friend
A little, near,
That you and I
May whisper here:
And whispering, read
Each others face
To see how much
Of each's—in place.

* * * *

Now here's a head
So filmy fat,—
That all the world
Might call it flat,
If it had not
A haloed sneer
Which seems to wrinkle
In a sphere.

And when it smiles
Ah—what a grin:
So full of self,
Without—within:
So dreamy like
And free from style
Of any line
Which forms a smile.

A giant head
And midget brain,
Which naught but self
Could entertain:
No thought of you
Could enter here,
Or penetrate
Its haughty sneer.

A lovely head
So full of hint
That all of wisdom

Paints its squint:
A Solomon
Who loves to sneer
At anything
Not self-made—here.

* * * *

The town is draped
In mist and fog,
And all forms move
In phantom jog,—
As if uncertain
Where to find:
A footing sure,
Or faces—kind.

And too a gloom
Has overspread
As if from tombs
The gloomful dead,
Has ambled forth
To toll the skies
In weird moans
And sadder sighs.

And now the wind
The fog rolls by
As if a "steeple chase"
From high,—
Had lost its way
And brought to earth
Its "sportive spooks"
In flying mirth.

The mist and fog
Now disappear,—
And distant doubts
Draw closer—near,
And sun-bursts
Brilliant overhead
Paints on the world
A laugh—instead.

* * * *

Should any move of mine displease:
Be it cough or squint,—or yet a sneeze,
O'er-look it friend and let it pass:
Imperfect stamps—perfection's best.

Should any word or grunt of thine
Get mixed with whines and sighs of mine,
I'm sure you'll take your thoughts away,
That mine may not be led astray.

* * * *

A shadow slight
Now flitting by,
Brings to old age
A fretful sigh:
This flitting shade
Is but, a cloud
Twixt sun and earth
In escapade.

This shadow rolls
Itself in gloom,
Now turns itself
Into a tomb,—
Then tumbling rolls
Into a shroud
Twixt sun and earth:
This self same cloud.

This hazy riff
Which rolls in space,
Now looks for all
The world—a face,
But turning 'round
This twirling mist
Twixt sun and earth,—
Now seems a—fist.

This sprightly nymph
Of cloud on high,
In tumbling antics
Tempts my eye:
To flit through shade

And join this cloud,—
Twixt sun and earth
In—escapade.

* * * *

A little topic
Which no-one talks,
Just a wink,—or nod,
To hint the phrase:
A little gesture
Which taunts or mocks,
The mood or fashion
Of some-one's ways.

A little side-glance,
Perhaps a sneer:
Just a curl of lip
To paint the scorn;—
A little nose-turn
Which moves the ear
To hint that some-thing
Is said—unborn.

* * * *

A little athlete
In pantomime:
Adroitly nimble
In hints of face.
A little angel
With air Divine
And all of action
So filled with taste.

A little athlete
So brusquely brisk
In all things doubtful
And tinged with prayer.
A little angel
Who loves to risk
His every effort
On "look who's there".

* * * *

A tinge of talent:
Just a trickling taste
Of genius flashing
O'er a foolish face:

A touch of nature
With a trace of tint
Which gives suspicion
A cause—to hint.

A gem of greatness
On a sea of doubt;
With bubbles splashing
And spread about;
A touch of nature
On a troubled pond
Which gives suspicion
A guess—beyond.

* * * *

A little sailor
On a sea of mud,
With sails inflated
Where no ship could
Move any ship
To ride a wave:
How trim this ship
And sailor—brave.

A little sailor
On a sea unkind:
Where dreams inflate
His reefs of mind,
And each theme breeds
A fancy frail,—
Wherewith no ship
Should try—to sail.

* * * *

Oh give me eyes
To sift surprise
And scale the sails
Of falser lies:
To reach the theme's
Which tongues but shield
That I—more wisdom
Too may—wield.

Oh world of beauty,
Lovely earth:
So primed with duty

Filmed with mirth,
Paint both my eyes
A denser hue,—
That they with pity
May gleam—true.

Oh give me ears
To test the tongue,
And taste the tone
In every "pun":
To touch the dreams
Which eyes too, tint,
That I,—more fancies
Too,—may hint.

Oh world of duty
Prayerful earth,
So filled with beauty,
Famed with worth:
Tune both my ears
With tunes so rare
That naught but music
May—ensnare.

* * * *

A marble tongue
Is grown witty,
A heart of stone
Is tinged with pity,
An icy nose, too,
Melts with—love,
And onyx eyes
Glow soft—above.

An iron face
Now seems to smile:
Two chilly lips
Part for—awhile,
And each on each
A kiss impresses,
While—self to self—
True love addresses.

* * * *

Of all good moods
Which tinge the mind

There is none so friendly
Pure and kind?—
As those which prompt
The listening ear,
To search for tales
Of trouble—near.

For ear in man
Is so immuned,
That it to trouble
Grows attuned:
It nears the trend
Of trouble talk:
And probes each pain,
And feels each—shock?

* * * *

An idler itching
For deeds sublime,
Twirling thumbs, too,
To pass the time:
Praying for light
To measure—space,
That he in time
May find his face.

And now methinks
His face is found,
For there's a "chuck"
Of a softer sound:
As around his beard
He fondles space—
His hand is almost
On—his face.

* * * *

An artful wit
With humor bold,
Streaked every story
That was told,—
And then: as laughter
Leaped to space,
A kind of twitch
Just moved a—face.

A little touch,
Almost a nudge,
Seemed wiggling through
A subter-fudge:
And then: a spasm
Thrilled a—face
And all of laughter
Tickled—space.

A little smirk,—
Almost a smile,
O'erspread a feature
For—awhile,
And then: in flight
These wrinkles fled
And tickled space,
Around a—head.

This face so near:
So solemn—sad,
That each new wrinkle
Seemed—more mad:
Had too,—new frowns
Of lighter thought,
Which none but it
Had ever caught.

* * * *

How much of truth
Still clings to space,
Can ne'er be filmed
Through a face:
For faces now
Are staged with eyes
Which film nothing
To the—wise.

An eye which paints
An earnest truth,—
Is young—too young
To twinkle youth.
The baby's sparkler
Knows more grace:
Than tint a truth
On its frail face.

* * * *

And now a sad thought
Paints a smile
And makes of laughter
Just—a trial
To fool the fool
Who thinks you—glad:
When all your thoughts
Are sad—more sad.

And so each fool
Is fooled—so fast
That all of foolishness
May—last:
And each deceit
May tint a smile
To fool each fool
A little—while.

* * * *

A man so insincerely sad
That all his inner thoughts were glad,
While all his outer looks implored
That naught but grief in him was stored.

A joyful heart with beat so mild
That every throb—exultant, wild,—
But made his breast appear to weep
As though, 'twere heaving sobs through sleep.

With gleeful mind, and thoughts so gay,
That all his dreams were brilliant day,—
Yet tale of joy,—or tint of fun,
Ne'er came from his most sad-edged tongue.

And yet,—so near his saddest gleam
Lurked too,—the brightest gems of dream,
And bouyant humor, wit and "pun"
Slept silently beneath his tongue.

* * * *

Look at him in another light,
The gloam which smothers all of night:
The haze which glints him all agleam
With tints which wrap him in a dream.

Look at him in the darker gloom
Of any shade which shadows tomb,
And see if we can catch a ray
Which could,—or should—make him more gay.

Look at him in his sombre mood,
When any light could be called good:
When all his hopes are fading fast
And none,—now seem—to him, to last.

Look at him, when his love has flown,
And all his dreams,—are too,—called home.
Look at him in his waning smile,—
And tell us; that its now—worth while.

* * * *

'Tis strange how much of foolish thought
Comes seeping through the wisest head,—
How much of folly too—forgot,
Shall shine again when all is said.

When all of wisdom floats through space,
And each tongue paints his wisest dream—
Can any fool who has a face
Suppress a smile,—when his is seen?

* * * *

Let's paint a face upon a cloud
And let it smile and laugh aloud,
So that each fairy in the sky
May catch the twinkle of an eye.

Let's paint the face upon the moon,—
That face so aged and full of gloom:
Let's tint it up,—at least make glad
This old face now,—so worn and sad.

Let's paint a face upon each star
To wink and smirk and twink afar:
And make of night a pleasant day
As each star twinks a smile—away.

Let's paint a face upon the breeze
So that each whiff from off the trees,
Shall add a smile to every chill
And each small sigh can laugh its fill.

* * * *

A touch of sadness, just a trace,
Enough to tint a joyful face:
A tinge of sorrow, painted glad,
A smile all sweet,—yet tinged with sad.

A tinge of sorrow in a smile,
Enough to paint a thought worth while:
A hope out-dreamed,—which leaves a trace
Of something sad about the face.

* * * *

A touch of thought,
A trace—a streak,
An idle whim—
A phantom freak,
A little dream
So foolish—vain,
'Twould make one fear
To dream again.

A tint of smile
So faint—so slight:
An eye-gleam
Gloaming through its light,—
A little smile
So useless—vain,
'Twould make one fear
To smile again.

* * * *

Oh how good, and too how queer,
Jim now looks: Why lad come here;
Surely you're not going to die:
Why listen to the fellow sigh.

Now, by Joe, he seems to pray:
Lisping sure—a solemn say:
Gazing too, as if he thought
His God would kiss him on the spot.

* * * *

A tiny twitching in the air,
A kind of gloaming 'neath the hair,
A ray of opal, moon-gloomed nigh:
A subdued sparkle from the eye.

A tinge of purple in the flush:
A kind of mourning through the blush,
A tint of gloaming in the cheeks
A sort of sadness,—so to speak.

* * * *

A soft brown eye
So soft—with light:
Those tints which tinge
The day with night—
Seems blended in
A ray so pure,—
That naught in light
Seems there—obscure.

This soft brown eye
Now searching—near
For hints which may
Avert a tear:
For friendly smiles
Or quiet token,—
To steal the stings
From words—ill spoken.

A soft brown eye
So wrapt in beams:
That all its twitches
Twinks with gleams,
And all its twinkles
Seem to glow,—
With purest love
For all—below.

This soft brown eye
So searching,—seeks:
A smile from face
Where true love sleeps:
For smile untinged
With any token
Of thoughts unkind
Though—yet unspoken.

* * * *

Out of a gleam
From a shadowy dream
Comes a smile

That leads to a golden theme:
Where heart throbs tried
Their throbs to hide,
And all of face
And tongue—denied.

Out of a gleam
From a silvery stream,
A ripple
Now shadows a love-lit theme:
And tears now rise
To age-dim eyes,
And all of faith
And hope—denies.

* * * *

This old, old painting:
A master's touch,—
Faded and fading,
Yes faded—much,
Has still the stroke
Of artistic grace
Which only an artist
Can give a—face.

This old, old painting:
So old, yet true,
Has all the colors
A master knew,—
And with these tints
A taste—so rare,
That naught but beauty
Films the—air.

* * * *

If all the thoughts
Which thrill to joy
Were painted on my mind,
And you—fair heart,—
Were not in touch,
I'd still feel sad,—unkind.

If all the dreams
Which make us sad,
Were filmed on my eye,
And you—Dear Heart,—

Should speak of love
I'd bid them all Good By.

* * * *

And now a star
Comes peeping through
The rolling shifting cloud:
While all of anger
Seems to brew
In peals of thunder—loud.

A little star:
A twinkling trace
Of hope,—where all seems fear,
Comes creeping through
The storm streaked space,
To still the startled—tear.

* * * *

A little chuckle,—
Not a laugh,—
A sort of grunt,
Of smile—but half:
A kind of breathing
Half immersed,—
As if within
Some bubbles—burst.

A little wrinkle
Crouching nigh
Around the ear
And 'neath the eye:
A kind of twitching
O'er the face,—
As if a pucker
Lost its place.

* * * *

'Tis beauty fading
In a pallid cheek:
The blush tints waning
As the wrinkles creep,
While the eyes too, darken
With uncertain light
As the shadows hasten
Through the mind in fright.

'Tis beauty fading
As age draws nigh,
While love thrills lessen
And the hope gleams die,
And the eyes grow gloaming
From a lack of light,
As the shadows gather
For the last Good Night.

* * * *

Sweeter flowers
Ne'er had grown,
Than these "two-lips"
Too thine own:
Which now presses
Close on mine:
Spreading fragrance
Wholly—thine.

Sweetest spring buds,
Beauties—fair,
Blushing deeply—
Tintings—rare:
Lovely "two-lips"
Best of flowers,
Fill with fragrance
All my hours.

* * * *

What a funny little fellow
Foul within, and streaked with yellow:
Filmy fancies fluttering nigh,
Painting cheek and brightening eye
With a picture of a dream
Which but he,—alone could theme.

What a pompous little strutter:
Filling sidewalk, street and gutter,
With these fancies fluttering nigh,
Painting clouds o'er darkening sky
With these pictures of his dream
Which but he, alone could theme.

* * * *

I wish I were a little beauty:
Full of fun,—without a duty,
Just a trill from out the thrush

Which lodged in flesh to paint a blush.
I wish I were a little fairy
A film of light without a care—eh:
Just a beam from out the sky
Which lodged 'neath lash to tint the eye.

* * * *

A lovely lady
With a luscious tongue:
A blended beauty
With a blush—too young,
A roll of wrinkles
Rolled out of place,
That youthful wiggles
Might move her face.

A lovely lady
With a burlesque bloom,
Infancy painted
On a human tomb:
A gushing giggle
Of ripples—rare,
From pink cheeked darlings
With—auburn hair.

* * * *

I loved her:
Not for her tunic—or
Dark clustering hair,
Nor dimpled cheek:
I loved her
Because of music
Which thrills the heavens
When angels speak.

I loved her:
But not for her beauty,
Or sweet kissing lips,
Nor softer skin:
I loved her
Because of duty—
A command from heaven:
I think from—Him.

* * * *

A dear thought of old times
Which comes from above:
An old thought of old friends
Of dreams which we—love.

A stray beam of sunshine
Which breaks through a cloud:
An old gleam of loved times
Which spring from the shroud.

A sweet smile from old friends
Which hangs on the mist,
A sweet word from old tongues
Which comes when we—list.

A soft touch of old hands
Which stretch from the past:
A handshake of old friends
The clasp,—which shall last.

* * * *

A face,—so covered with a pall,
That eyes, and nose, and mouth and all
Seem but a stolid fleshly wall,
To keep within,—not much, at all.

A face so wrinkled with a sneer:
That chin and nose and "pate" appear,—
As if the lights within the head,
Were blown out,—or gone to bed.

* * * *

And now a "phiz"
So dark and hairy,
Appears thro' tint
So hazy—scarey:
That all of form
Seems out of place,—
So crooked is
Each wrinkled—trace.

This face so dim:
A sketchy notion
Of sensely whim
Rough set,—in motion:
Had once been meant
Without a doubt,

For some-one's face
Ne'er carried out.

* * * *

And now Dear Friend,
Do let us love,
The man who speaks
So like a dove:
That each round word
Seems softly blent
With all the tones
Which seem well meant.

A messenger
Of peace so pure,
That language
Only can obscure,
The heights of peace
And depths of love
Which spurt below
And spill—above.

* * * *

And too My Dear,
Let us forego,—
The hate which swirls
In undertow,—
That it may not
An angel toss,—
While bathing in
Our mirth mined floss.

A crocodile
With shadow tears
So brilliant with
Love-lisping fears:
And lamb-like look
With nearly grace
Enough, to paint
A Demon's Face.

* * * *

Pearled with the dew,
And tinted with sun:
The gossamer floats through space.
Fastened to somewhere

It seems to have run
From nowhere to no other place.

Gemmed with sunbeams
The clear sparkling dew,
Gleams brilliantly bright today:
Oh could now these beams
But lend tints so true,—
I'd borrow at least,—just one ray.

I'd steal this beam
All tinted with sun,—
From gossamer floating through space,
And then try to climb
As others have done,—
From nowhere to some other place.

Imprisoned gleam
In clear sparkling dew,—
All brilliantly bright today,
Oh could but the tears
From some sorrow,—true,
But borrow at least,—just one ray.

* * * *

And here comes a shadow
A—darker stroke,—
Twirling onward
Like a roll of smoke,—
Casting a pall on every shrine,—
From castles of thought
To—temples of time.

And now comes a sun-burst
So bright—between,
Darting downward
Like a lightening gleam,
Tingeing each shade with a brighter ray,
And wrapping these shadows
In tints of day.

And so with these shadows
Of deeper thought—
Twirling ever
Though never forgot,—

Casting a shade o'er lighter themes,
And painting with gloom
The happier dreams.

One year with another,
Now dark,—now bright,
Twirling onward
Into ever night,—
Casting a shade on lash—and eye,
And painting old age
As the minutes move—by.

* * * *

There is a face
On canvas painted:
A drooping head
With pensive brow,—
An expression of
Transcendent sweetness,
It comes so clearly—
I see it now.

The head is draped
In folds of linen;
The purest shade
Of spotless white,
The hair falls loosely
O'er the shoulders,—
And gives to all
Its golden light.

The eyes though lovely
Seem all terror,—
As if with wildness
They shield a fear,—
While through the gleam
There seeps a sorrow:
Which tints all earth
With dark despair.

And in that tinge
Of gloaming eye-flash,
She puts to flight
All claim of kin
This puny world

Would fain establish
Between her soul,
And its sense of sin.

* * * *

A tinge of taint
In cheeks so fair:
A tint of guilt so slight,—
That all of error
Painted there,
Could but,—retouch the right.

A tinge of gloom
In eye so keen,—
A tinge of gloam so dim:
That all of brightness
Echoed there,—
Could but,—proclaim the sin.

A tinge of thrill
In tongue so sad,
A tint of mirth so sear:
That all of gladness
Gathered there,—
Could but,—recall the tear.

A tinge of thought
In mind so dull,—
A tint of themes so vague:
That all ideas
Pictured there,—
Could but,—revive the plague.

* * * *

And now, with a smile, Dear,
Too sweet to wear,—
She powders her face
And crimples her hair,
And paints her eyebrows
The darkest of brown,
And smoothes from her face
The slightest of frown.

And then, in a tint
Of the fairest of hue,
She extends Dear,—her hand
As a love-coy to you:

And coaxes a feeling,
That of all worldly saints,
There's none quite so lovely
As she—in her paints.

Then she gives you a kiss,
So soft Dear,—so slight,
That you dream your own mother
Has kissed you—Good Night,—
And that you in your cradle
Are now a small "tot":
Which all but this maiden
Has somehow—forgot.

And now,—with her arm Dear,
She too, love, makes haste,—
To encircle your stomach,—
Or rather—your waist,
And in all these endearments
She moves with such grace,—
That you lick off the paint prints
Which blush print—her face.

* * * *

A burst of sunshine
Through an eye of blue:
A brilliant gleaming
In a dew dripped rose,
A flash of lightning
Which comes darting through
Two dark-fringed lashes
Which these eyes—enclose.

A gleam of brilliants
'Neath a lash of brown:
A moon-pearl misting
'Neath a cloud so fair:
A sunset—gloaming
When the moon is found,—
A twilight twinkling
'Neath a wreath of—hair.

* * * *

A dream of something
We can't forget:
An eye-gleam sparkling

Through the hazy past,
A twilight twinkling
Still twinkling yet
Which twinkling,—trickles
Through the memory—fast.

A dream of something
So vague,—yet clear,
A something certain
As of shadows dim:
A form of nothing,—
Yet of something, Dear,
Which shading,—shadows
All the mind within.

* * * *

A sting from a trusted tongue:
A sneer from a once loved lip:
A wound from a trusted hand:
Are the dreams which fancies skip.

A smile from a friend long dead:
A hope from a love entombed:
A sigh from a dream long fled:
Are the flowers which fancies bloom.

* * * *

A dream of nothing, straggling near:
Comes peeping through a foolish tear.
A dream of nothing, still,—a dread
Of something awful fills my head.

A dream of nothing, circling nigh
Now fills my ear with sadder sigh.
A dream of nothing,—strange and queer:
How tales of nothing—reach the ear.

* * * *

With a smile that never tires,
And a word that never hurts,
With a love that too admires
Dreams of men of little worth.

With a gleam that always brightens,
And a tone forever sweet:
With a heart that always lightens
Burdens that the lowly—meet.

* * * *

A touch of truth in tinge of thought
Now tints the cheek with rose:
A dream from youth through age forgot
Now comes to seek repose.

A youthful tint on shriveled cheek
Now paints the blush with dreams:
From youth a hint brings tints which speak
Of thrills which throb the "teens".

* * * *

A greed for wealth
May sometimes rise,
To peep through flashes
Of the eyes,—
And tint with "gold"
The maiden's gaze:
When she from love
Alone seems—dazed.

A greed for "coin"
Ofttimes instills
A touch of heart:
Which throbbing thrills
The cheeks with tinge
Of fairest red,—
And tempts the tongue
To tell what's—said.

A greed for "wealth"
Does oft incline
The ear to heed
The drollest whine,
And list to tales
So stale when told,
That nothing's new
But just the "gold".

A greed for "gold"
Sometimes may seek
A fool who knows
Not how to speak
One word of sense,—
Or tinge his thought

With any word—
Not best—forgot.

* * * *

A soft shell of something
Blown up in a paste:
All tinted and painted so fair,
A flexible something—or nothing—so neat,
O'erspread with an ambush—of hair.

"Ha, Ha, said she:
As she gave us the laugh,
That giggle which goes with a yell:
And she turned up her nose
As she swung on her toes,
And murmured something like "well".

A nightmare—or something,
Broke out of her "pen"
All fuming and snorting—so loud:
A kind of shuffling
Of something within,—
Or something without—like a cloud.

"Ha, Ha, said she:
And well may she laugh
The cynical sneer of a shrew:
For I know of no queen
Who would dare step between
This girl with the "ha, ha" and—you.

* * * *

A treasure of thought
All going to waste;
Without a tongue to object;
Worse than forgot,—
Come on,—let's haste,
No-one has time to reflect.

A treasure of dreams
Growing old,—bute rare;
Mouldering away in a sleep.
A casket of gems
Which no-one shall wear,—
And at which,—no eye shall peep.

A treasure of thought
In a punkin head:
Without a hole to escape;
Left there to rot
For nothing is said:
A sad,—and a solemn mistake.

A treasure of dreams:
Ideas so grand,—
Locked up in a sullen lip.
A sunspread of beams,
Now look how he stands!
My God! If he ever should slip.

* * * *

Give me a smile;
A "wee sma" grin,—
One of those wrinkles
From the chin,
Which moves and spreads
As if a trace—
Of pleasant sunshine
Crossed—the face.

Give me a smile:
A "wee sma" gleam,
One of those wrinkles
From a dream,—
Neath drooping lash
Where brilliants sleep
Until in smiles
They burst and leap.

* * * *

This outward gloom
Is but a whim,—
A shadow of
A smile within:
A kind of passing
Sombre—shade,—
Which tints the sun
With mist—o'erlaid.

Tis not a grief
Which dims the light
Of brilliant beams

Of eyes—once bright:
But just a thought
Of better days,—
When all of hope
Gave youth its rays.

In twilight now
Around us cling
The hope-dreams
Of a bouyant spring;
For all of thought
Was centered then,—
On what we'd be,—
Not what we'd been.

Tis not so sad
This gloom of thought:
A kind of joy
In hope forgot,—
A sadness tinged
With happy dreams
Of better days
And brighter themes.

* * * *

Oh for a hole in highest space:
A hole where a fool can hide his face:
A hole in the night away from the moon,
Any old hole,—where a fool can swoon.

Oh for a hole, a hole in space:
A hole with no sides or edge to trace:
A holely whole hole without any ends
A kind of a nothing where everthing blends.

* * * *

Oh for a sob which gurgles—low,
One of those sobs, which comes you know
Away from the heart, when love has found
That there's nothing on earth, but a lisp,—a sound.

One of those sobs which tints a smile,
Oh for a sob which hides—the while:
And brilliants the eye with glistening tear
To shield from the world—all trace of fear.

Oh for a sob which smothers pride:
One of those sobs—when hope has died,—
A kind of a laugh without a thrill:
A mirthless harsh chuckle—not soft, nor shrill.

Oh for a sob—which no-one hears:
One of those sobs which brews no tears:
A sort of a sigh—so soft, so faint,
That there's nothing of grief on the face—to paint.

* * * *

A face on a foot:
Well—a little bit higher:
A smile on a knee—
Near the knee—perhaps nigher:
A kind of a grin
'Bove the knee—'neath the hip,—
Where like all foolish playthings
I suppose it did—slip.

A face so far down,—
Well Sir—sure it is funny:
With a smile on it too
Just as broad as John Bunny:
A kind of a boy's head
With some beard—between,
A something on nothing:
To see—and be seen.

A face so low down:
It were surely a stumble?—
As if all his ideas
Got mixed in the fumble:
And wise looks,—and fool looks,
Are too—out of place,
So that what he intends Sir,
Is not in his face.

A face on a foot:
Well near it—so near it,
That no-one but he
Would now wish for to wear it:
A sort of a burlesque
On all things of sense,—
To prove that propriety
Is somewhere—but whence?

* * * *

A meagre man:
Pale, tall and thin,
With face so sad
It seemed a sin,—
To even think
That he ne'er thought
On any grief
Now deemed—forgot.

This pale tall man
Of solemn look,
Had on his face
A written book:
Of all the sadness
Spread through space,
Well wrinkled up
Within—his face.

Whene'er he spoke
His words so wise:
Seemed sneaking
Creeping through his eyes:
A kind of glance
With hidden tongue,
From which all wisdom
Somehow—sprung.

And when he thought:
Oh! what a pose!
As if each muscle
In his clothes,—
Were tightened with
A stretch of thought:
Now where was I?
I've—clean forgot.

* * * *

Oh believe me, if all the sweet smiles
Which I've seen,
Were to circle in one pretty face:
They could not bring to me
A hint of my dream
Which is somewhere suspended in space.

Nor if all the bright eye gleams
Which glance off the eye,

Were to nustle 'neath one lovely lash:
Could they ever induce me
This dream to deny—
And not seek for the phantom—or ask.

Oh believe me, if all the sweet tones
Which I've heard,
Were to blend into one perfect tongue:
They could not bring to me
A lisp of a word
Which could add to this old tone—unsung.

Nor if all sweet memories
Of all times now past,
Were to center in one lovely nook:
Could they ever supplant Dear,
This dream which shall last
As long as the mind too—can look.

* * * *

A smile through tears
A laugh with groan:
A kind of chuckle
Tinged with moan.
A sort of sigh:
Half sob—half thrill,—
A throb of joy
Which sorrows chill.

A ray which lights
The ebbing gloom:
A kind of tint
Which trails the swoon—
A sort of gleam
Which paints the end:
And gives to hope
Perhaps—a friend.

* * * *

And now all sorrows
Seem to smile,—
And joy itself
Not worth the while,—
And life seems too
A sort of chaff,
Which disappears
With—one loud laugh.

Perhaps,—who knows,
Twere just as good,
That sadness tinge
The sweetest—mood:
That, joy of hope
With death is cast
And sorrows seem,
Alone to—last.

* * * *

Just a wrinkling of flesh,—
Not a sigh from the soul:
A kind of a meaningless
Pucker—or hole:
A spreading of something
O'er nothing—within:
A kind of a shuffling
Of nose cheek and chin.

Just a series of sounds—
Not a thrill from the heart:
A kind of a chuckingless
Cackle of art,—
A splashing of something
Like laughter—instead:
A kind of a nothing
Which seeps from the head.

* * * *

A love thought—with heartache:
A love lisp which chills.
A love gaze which lingers
On haze o'er the hills:
A soft gleam of someone
Suspended in space:
A smile, Dear, the fairest
Which e'er thrilled a face.

A sweet breath of perfume
Which comes with the breeze:
A sort of a chuckle
Which tickles the trees.
A kind word from someone:
From nowhere—but near,—
A hand clasp and lip touch
From no-one—so Dear.

* * * *

Just a gleam of a golden dream:
A glimpse of the long ago
A tinge of smile through a long long while:
When the youth tints use to flow.

Just a dream of a foolish scheme:
A hope of the long ago.
A kind of trace of a thought in space
E're these youth tints fade to snow.

* * * *

Just a fool from a later school,
One of those saws who know:
When to begin
And where to come in,
And how this world should go.

With just a hint of a safer tint
Of when and how to start:
A kind of a thought
That God forgot
When tearing worlds apart.

Just a God with a manlike nod
Wrapt up in worldly style:
A kind of a hole
Wherein a soul
Peeps out at men—to smile.

With wit Divine to sparkle—shine:
How truly wise he mopes:
With all of space
To tint his face,—
How much from him—God hopes.

* * * *

A real smart guy with brain so bright
That all of truth and faith and right,
Seemed sealed within his little lid:
Where other themes than self have hid.

This head so fair,—so filmy soft,
Seems ever soaring up—aloft:
To where the stars and moon and sun
When puzzled might—take comfort from.

Instead of reaching heights so grand
Where "it" all nature could command,
"It" glides through ruts and—deep ravine,
And sheds but little light—between:

Like balls of fog wherein the light
Imprisoned roam—to startle night;—
And sun beams swirl in foggy streaks
O'er gloomy swamps in—midnight freaks.

* * * *

Trickling tears through brilliant eyes:
Out of sorrow for tomorrow:
Nothing painful in today,
Just expectant of what may
Come tomorrow as a sorrow,—
Foolish fears of filmy sighs.
And—tomorrow
Free from sorrow:
You and I
Shall fly away
From some—today.

Trickling tears through brilliant eyes:
Just a bubble of some trouble
In the hazy far away,—
Floating globules—just a spray
Of a sorrow from tomorrow:
Foolish fears of filmy sighs.
Come—tomorrow
From this sorrow:
You and I
Shall fly away
From our—today.

* * * *

In the old arm chair,
In the ingle nook
Where the fire glistens and gloams:
Tingling the themes
And tinting the dreams:
Those dreams which build the "old home".

In the old arm chair
Near the fire-place,
Where the fire flickers and glows:

Shadowing thought
With faces forgot
With a light which love alone throws.

In the old arm chair
In the ingle nook,
While the fire crackles and burns:
Painting on space
Those tintings of face;
The tintings which rise from the—urns.

In the old arm chair
Near the fire-place,
Where the fire smudges and flares
Talking to mother
And sister and brother
And telling them all—my cares.

* * * *

Out through the haze
Of—long ago,
A film of face
Comes all—aglow:
And as we smile
This friend and I,
A kind of gloom
O'erspreads—the sky.

This film of face
Has eyes so bright,
That all of joy
Seems to delight
In sparkling through
In bubbling gleams:
A light with hope
For all of dreams.

And now, these tints
Soft tinged and fair
Seem fading with
The touch of care:
The hand of time
Here too does spread
The color—which
Paints all the dead.

A face—once healthful
Now—so wan:
With all the tints
Of beauty—gone:
So pale and languid
Seared and sad,—
That any hope
Seems worse—when had.

* * * *

Into the mists of the morning
Shadows pass from the night:
Shifting the gloom of their mourning
For colors which tinge with the light.

Fairies gaudy and filmy:
Spangled with gems so rare,
Covered with brilliants so lovely:
Floating and moving on air.

Mixed with the haze of the sunbeam,
Gliding gracefully through:
Circling shifting and spreading
These phantoms—bright with the dew.

Shadows of faces—now fading:
Memories distantly dim:
Figures perfect as morning
Crowned with youth and with vim.

* * * *

Do you suppose a bumble bee
Has either sense or charity:
To bumble here,—and bumble there:
And pretty maidens shock and scare:
By its uncalled for—bumble-ing
O'er flowers fair upon their hair:
Which starts them all to fumble-ing,
And too perhaps—to stumble-ing
From off a chair to save their hair
And other—wear:
And do strange stunts most humble-ing.

Do you suppose propriety
Has any curb on this same bee:
When bumbling here,—and bumbling there,
He bumbles where there is no hair:

Right o'er—Oh My,—that precious spot
Upon your head—just on the top:
Which spot by you is ne'er forgot
And by this bee seems now most sought,
A fumble-ing and bumble-ing:
While you go rolling tumble-ing
Upon the floor—to save a roar:
Which roar—might prove most humble-ing.

* * * *

Melancholy eyes,—sweet yet sad:
Velvety soft,—with a tint of glad:
Glinting with gleams
Which gleams a sorrow,—
The ray of hope for some—tomorrow.

Melancholy eyes,—dreamy still,
Gazing beyond the circling hill;
Looking through space
At nothing near,
Glistening softly—through a tear.

Melancholy eyes—expectant sad:
Watchfully waiting for hope—once had:
A cherished longing
Of love—still sought:
A gleam of sweetness in a thought.

Melancholy eyes,—sad and bright:
Looking through gloamings as the night,
Closes upon
Each dying day:
With the same sad look,—so far away.

* * * *

A long low chuckle,
A kind of groan:
A sort of whistle
In a monotone.
A lisping stammer
Of something sad:
A whispering whistle
Of nothing glad.

A tint of trouble,
A twitch of pain,
A kind of throbbing

Of blush-spot stain:
A shifting shading,
An outward trace
Of unhappy gloamings
Which cloud à—face.

* * * *

All within his little face
Seems to him a world in space:
Naught without—unless within,
Can interest his thought—or him.

Cold and earthy is his eye:
Everything—but "me" and "I",
Seems to slip his painted thought
All other fools are clean forgot.

In his large and wobbly head:
Everything that he has said,
Seems to circle there in space
Trying to break through his face.

Anything that we may say
Dodges him in every way:
Our cutest grunt he may assail
While wobbling 'round to catch his tale.

* * * *

Sailing through the upper skies:
Peeping into starry eyes.
Speeding some,—but stopping soon
To tickle him,—who owns the moon.

Sailing onward—ever far:
Trying to count every star,
Tagging this one—touching that:
Wondering where we now are—at.

Listening to the angels talk
'Bout the neighbors 'round the block:
As the saints in quiet prayer
Drop their heads—to at us—stare.

Sailing onward—ever high:
Passing this and that star by:
Tagging that one—touching this,
Wondering if we any—missed.

BUD, BROOK, BUSH AND TREE

In a little cottage
Near the ocean's roar:
Where the salt spray
Splashes against the door,
And the spruce tree
Zephyrs the scented breeze:
And all of summer
Seems between the trees.

In a little cottage
Neath the hill-tops—nigh:
Where old tints
Linger—to tinge the sky,
And the song birds
Whistle—the songs which please:
And all of summer
Seems to fill the breeze.

In a little cottage
Near to nature's trill:
Where each soft note
Wanders from hill to hill,
And the brooklet
Echoes with gurgling ease:
And all of summer
Seems about to sneeze.

In a little cottage
Neath the stately pine:
Where all sweet tongues
Whisper the sweetest line,
And all of nature
Is tuned with glees:
And the sighs of
Summer—but touch the keys.

* * * *

When roses blush and pansies bloom,
And hyacinths breathe sweet perfume,
And daisies paint the fields with white,
And narcissus embalms the night:

When morning glories tint the trees,
And jassamine makes sweet the breeze,
And all the woods with blossoms grow:
Tis then we love to dream of snow.

* * * *

The whirlwind is past,
The fog is gone,
The sun is near,
And so is dawn.

The whirlwind is stilled,
Its roar has ceased,
And light has filmed
The distant east.

The whirlwind now sleeps,
And naught but sighs
Seem breathing through
The 'wakened skies.

The whirlwind now dreams:
Its distant roar
Tells but the anguish
Of—a snore.

* * * *

I love the groves
Where shadows—fleet:
Flit o'er the ferns
And skip and leap:
Where flickering sun rays
Dodge between,—
The olive oaks
And poplars—green.

I love the groves
Where shadows float:
And move through trees
Like phantom boats:
Where filtering sun rays
Seep between
These olive oaks
And poplars—green.

* * * *

Clinging to the side of the mountain:
Trying to reach its snowy top,

Thirsting for a sip from the fountain
Which shall satisfy our cravings:
There to stop.

Listening to the roar of the cataract
Rushing through the canyon—very deep:
Like unto the voices of the multitude
Explaining what we'l do—when asleep.

Treading o'er the steeps of uncertainty:
Feeling for the footholds of truth:
Grasping tight the rocks—in emergency,—
That hang o'er the precipice
Of youth.

Trembling on the brink of eternity:
Gazing on the vastness of space,
Dreaming on the tongueless taciturnity
Which all of earth's dreaming cannot trace.

* * * *

A little rose-bud
On drooping stem:
About to open
And spread its leaves.
A little love-thought
Of nature's ken
Now wrapt in perfume:
In perfume grieves.

A little rose-bud
On drooping stem,
Now doomed to wither:
And wither—die.
A little love-thought
Of nature's ken:
Why should this rose-bud
So youthful—Why?

* * * *

To dream of flowers
And pluck a rose,
And then wake up—to find:
All these bright colors
But tinted doze,—
Is too Dear Friend—unkind.

A dream of flowers
In lovely hints:
A sleep midst tinted rose,—
Makes waking hours
Too—but hints
Of dreams in other—clothes.

* * * *

A little nook—not much—a spot:
A place where sorrow is forgot.
A little space—where all of smile
Seems concentrated—for awhile.

A little nook where all is bright,
And all of darkness shuns the light:
Where laughter thrills the midnight sky,—
And naught in nature knows a sigh.

A little plot—a tiny nook:
Where all of laughter from the brooks,
Seems gurgling through a tiny stream
To thrill all nature with its theme.

A little nook,—a goodly place:
Where all things lovely—send a trace,
And any dream of any thought
Gives back to life—a joy forgot.

* * * *

Not a leaf astir,
Not a sigh awake,
Not a breeze to breathe
Through bush or brake:
A monotony of silent hush
Which hangs o'er all of earth.

Not a bird a-flight,
Or fly—on wing:
Not a bug or bee
To buzz or sting:
All—all as dead as spooks and sprites
Which flee from day and speed the nights.

* * * *

A vast expanse of nothing near,
Without a trace of hope or fear:
Without a thought of joy or pain—
A sigh or tear—or even rain.

A vast expanse of spreading haze,
Where sizzling sun and dazzling daze,
O'ertint each thought with prickly heat,
And dreams of winter grow more sweet.

* * * *

On the hills
In clustered spots
Grow the wild
"Forget me nots".
Bobbing lightly
With the breeze
As—if about
To—speak or sneeze.

Neath the poplars
Rustling sigh—
There—you'l find
The wild rose—nigh,
Sprouting from
Some rocky womb:
Blooming breathing
Sweet perfume.

Through the woods
In shady nooks,—
Close to little
Bubbling brooks,
Grow the ever
Creeping vines:
Twisting—rambling
Through the pines.

On the fields
And everywhere,
There you'l see
The "daisies" stare,
Looking up—
As if they knew
All about the world
And—you.

* * * *

Out in the woods
Away from the roar:
Of the wagons and autos

And noises—which bore.
Out in the woods
With the birds and the bees,
The crickets the beetles
And bugs—if you please:
Out in the woods
Where each living thing
Seems to love all the others
Enjoy them—and sing.

Out in the woods
Away from the soil
Of the office, the counter
And factory's toil.
Out in the woods
Where the tree-toads and frogs,
With rabbits and squirrels
Play "leap frog" o'er logs.
Out in the woods
Where each thing—alive,
Seems happy contented
And without work—to thrive.
Out in the—woods.

* * * *

Away from the City
Its noise and its strife:
Away to the woods
Where the birds enjoy life.
Where the wren
And the robin,—
The catbird and thrush,
All whistle together:
In concert—they gush.

Away from the City
Its dust and its heat,
Away to the woods
Where the odors are sweet,
Where the grass
And the clover,
The blue-bells and rose
Spread perfume together
As perfume too—grows.

* * * *

See the ripples
On the river,
How they glisten
Shine and shiver:
Like bright diamonds
In the sun,—
Glistening splashing
Every-one.

Watch the large ones
How they shudder:
Toss and skip
O'er one another,
Trembling twisting
Near the shore—
Then a splash
And all is o'er.

* * * *

A chill morning breeze
Tickles the trees:
Which shake with the laughter
Of all the small leaves:
Now dewey and bright
With the neck-lace of night
And tinged with the gleam
Of the rising sun's light.

A clear chuckling breeze
Tickling the trees,
With thrills of pure laughter:
A gurgling of glees;—
While robin and thrush
With their songs break the hush,
And sun paints the morn
With a smile and a blush.

* * * *

The distant cow bell
In subdued tones
Comes softly tinkling
O'er hills and vale,
And as I listen
I catch the "lowings",
And the ring dove's cooing,
And the blue-jay's wail.

Those distant hill-tops
Where cows now graze,—
Are the same old hills
I used to roam:
When thrush and robin
In happier days
Sang variations
Of "Home Sweet Home".

* * * *

Away from the city
With all of its greed,
Its culture and critics,
Its saints and its creed;
Away to the mountains
Where hills pierce the sky
And brooklets through canyons
Rush on with a roar
As ever and ever
They splash dash and pour;
Away to the mountains
Where winds laugh and sigh
And nature to nature
Ne'er utters a cry.

Away from the city
With all of its pearl,
Its fashions and tinsel,
Its snarl and its whirl;
Away to the mountains
Where snow peaks from high
Kiss summer in valleys,
And eternal spring
Haunts each of the hill-slopes
And—thrushes e'er sing;—
Away to the mountains
Where trills through the sky
The "peace and good will" psalm
Yes—Glory on High.

* * * *

There's a touch of autumn
On the trees:
A thrill which tickles
With each breeze,—

A rustling sound
Which—nearer grows,
As through each leaf
The wind now blows.

There's a hint of autumn
In each touch:
A chill which comes
Through autumn—much:
A newer tinge
Which tints with haze
The older dreams
Of summer days.

* * * *

There's a gathering sound
Of the rustling leaf,
As the wind now whistles high:
A tone more shrill
Which tempts to chill
The autumn's gentler sigh.

There's a shuffling sound
Midst the old oak trees,
As the wind now fiercer grows:
A tone too—cast
With the winter's blast
And the flight of the drifting snows.

* * * *

The softest air
Now stirs the trees,
Like shadows touching
Phantom sheaves:
A kind of touch
Which comes unseen
As fancies touch us
In a dream.

The softest sound
Too breathes a sigh;
A lisp which comes
From nowhere nigh:
A kind of voice
Which seeps from death:
A word soft said
In under-breath.

The softest light
Now shades the trees
And makes more soft
The slightest breeze:
And too—all gleams
Seemed gloamed in sleep,
As if each beam
But dreamed to peep.

The softest tints
Too tinge the mist,
As if the shades
With dreams are kissed:
A kind of tinge
With haze between,—
A something real
And yet—a dream.

* * * *

Out in the woods
Where the rustling leaf
Gives a tongue
To each breeze which blows:
Under the trees
Where the blue-bells sleep
And the grass
Is kissed with the snows.

Out in the woods
Where the wintry blast
Gives a thrill
To the blue-jay's shriek:
Under the trees
Where the dry leaves clasp
All the tongues
Which in summer squeak.

Out in the woods
In the deafening roar
As each breeze
To the other shouts:
Under the trees
Where the dry leaves soar
With the winds
As they circle—out.

Out in the woods
When the snowflakes sigh
As they dodge
Through the flying leaves:
Under the trees
As the winds rush by
And the voice
Of each breeze too—grieves.

* * * *

I know a hill e'er since a boy,
A kind of hill—more like a toy,
A little knoll close to a brook,
Which seems just built to please a spook.

A hill so small, that no-one knew
Where it began or how it grew,
A little hill so very small
That it seems—no hill at all.

A ledge of rock skirts all this hill:
As if a flounce—or "lady's frill"
Were sewed upon the bottom 'round
To give a crimp to all the ground.

A ledge of rock—out-cropping here,
Which now too seems to disappear:
Within this hill as if ashamed
That with the hill it should be named.

* * * *

A little diamond upon the snow,
Gives back to sunbeams its gorgeous glow
And through the moon's soft hazy light
It gathers soft gleams throughout the night.

Oh little diamond—all glistening rare,
There's naught in jewels which can compare
With your bright glintings of changing gleams
Where every sparkle is of sweeter dreams.

Oh little diamond of opal mist
Which sun's ray straying has stooped and kissed:
A tiny snowflake of crystal cold
Painted with splashes of purest gold.

Oh little diamond of glistening snow
There's naught in glintings which cannot glow
In your bright flashes of changing gleams:
Where every sparkle is of brighter dreams.

* * * *

The gayest summer tinting
Now seems rusty,
The purest crystal brooklet:
A dull stream;
The sweetest fume of new mown hay
Smells musty,
And the sun paints nothing, but
The saddest dream.

The brighest summer morning
Now seems gloomy,
The brilliant mid-night moon
A dismal gloam,
The faces which—most merry—
Through their smiling
Now seem saddest to a boy
Away from home.

* * * *

Listen to the rain
As it comes down
With an oozy sound
Upon the grass,—
Through crisping leaves
Upon the trees:
How it drips—and drips
In measured taps
And myriad raps
Upon the roof,—
And streaks the panes
Of window glass.

And to the wind
As it blows around
With a slushy sound,
And thrills the grass,
And twirls the leaves
Upon the trees,
And forces rain drops
Through the cracks

In brisk attacks
On through the roof,
And creaks the panes
Of window glass.

Listen to the roar
Of thunder near:
As a lurid flash
Lights up the grass
Through crisping leaves
Upon the trees;—
How it rolls—and rolls
In tumbling swell
As if it fell
Upon the roof
And shattered panes
Of window glass.

And now—the scene
Of the autumn calm:
As the sun—bright-tints
The freshened grass,—
Through crisping leaves
Upon the trees;
And the robin's note
Comes clear and round
As she treads the ground
Neath the dripping roof,
And peeps through panes
Of window glass.

* * * *

The frouzy mourning
Of black soot and smoke,
Which be-drabble houses
  Through their chimneys—broke,
From the swishing drizzle
Of the driving rain:
Paint on each cottage
  A streak of pain.

The trees seem dismal
Through the misty light,—
And the sparrows mournful
  As they chirp in flight,—
And the dog's low whining—

With the wind's shrill moan,
Paints on each echo
A sobbing tone.

* * * *

The whispering trickling
Of a tiny stream,
Brings back to memory
A pleasant dream:
When o'er the brooklet's
Moss covered brink,—
I stretched my shadow
To take a drink.

The rippling waters
In this silent place,
Calls back to memory
A pleasant face:
While my own reflection
In this tiny stream
Gives tint to nothing
In this old-time dream.

A few short weeks Sir,
And the rose shall fade,
The trees grow quiet
Without leaf—or shade:
The birds more silent
Than the trees—become,
And all of nature
With—no smile or song.

A few short years Sir,
And the smile shall fade,
The tongue grow silent
Without hope—to aid;
The cheek with wrinkles
Shall be wrapt in gloam
And all of nature
Shall be out—not home.

* * * *

Just a flower fading o'er,
Bud and blossom—blushing more:
Withering petals—drooping all
Slowly crisping then—to fall.

Just a flower fading fast:
Buds and blossoms do not last,
Withering petals soon decay:
Slowly crisping too—today.

* * * *

A shady nook 'tween mountains high,
With sparkling brook—a-babbling by,
And oak and elm and ever-green
O'er-toppling all—to hide the scene.

A silent nook where nature's bowers
O'er-tint the brook with fragrant flowers:
Where waving buds—with peeping bloom
Waft incense through the—month of June.

A nifty nook—so neatly rare
Where crystal brook with brilliants bare
Now whispers lisps of love so sweet,
And all the trees—as lovers speak.

A drowsy nook—where waking hours
But dream of brook and fragrant flowers,
Where rustling leaves on tree-tops nigh
Join waving buds—in one love sigh.

* * * *

In the evening twilight
Mong the gathering shade,
Through light and darkness
As the shadows fade,
Through trees—past hedges,
O'er bridge and stream,
In the summer stillness:
Tis a pleasant dream.

In the evening twilight
Near the church-yard nook,
Where the twilights mellow
The gurgling brook,
And graves are green
And the daisies peep
From the earth-mound mantles
Of those who sleep.

In the evening twilight
Near the village green,

Where the grass is waving
And the dew-drops gleam,
Where the cow-bells—jingle,
And the echoes dwell,
And the youth's gay banter
Blends with each cow bell.

Tis a charming evening
So mild and bright,—
Tinged with reflections
Of the coming night:
The scent of clover
With myriad blooms,—
Now cover over
These fragrant—tombs.

* * * *

And now a cloud does intervene
To curtain off the lover's dream:
A sparkling ray of moonlight hint
Has tinged the fog a creamy tint.

This hollow filled with creamy mist,
New painted from this lover's wrist,
Gives to each form a lover's face
Which through the fog—but lovers trace.

* * * *

A Morning Glory in glory waking
Upon a tomb, now bright with dew:
A beautiful bud of brilliants breaking
With dew-drops bloom, of sun kissed hue.

A Morning Glory in glory glooming
Upon a tomb now sunk with age,—
A violet bud of beauty blooming
Where naught but gloom can tint the page.

* * * *

And now a gleam of sweetest sunshine
Comes twinkling through the midnight sky,
And rests upon a rustic turn-stile
To tint my dreams—when you were nigh.

And too,—a thought from sweetest old-times
Seems clinging to this self-same stile,—
And tinges through this ray of sunshine
To tint all dreams and make them smile.

* * * *

Tis a dreary day and spirit voices
Seem to sigh through the trees
And bushes nigh:
And all on earth is sad and drear
Without one smile to coax a tear
Or joy to stay.

There goes a man—a haughty heart
With eyes aloft, scanning the sky,—
And stumbling oft;
But seeking still for things—above
Without one face on earth to love:
Oh mournful man.

Here comes a child—a bunch of beams,
A little tot—so full of life
And void of thought:
With brilliant eyes so charged with light
That all of darkness takes to flight,—
From his sweet smile.

Oh what a squawk—'tis from a crow,
The pesky thing, which squawking
Squawking on the wing,—
Seems bent to drive away all cheer
And leave us nothing but the—tear
And mournful talk.

* * * *

Fair drop of rain
Which comes so slowly:
Sneaking as 'twere
Through moonshine holy,
And stealing mist
From the tinted haze,
To form a pearl
Of these tinted rays.

Fair drop of rain
From heaven descending,
On oyster shell
With moon-tints blending
Stealing within
This shell so gloomy

To form a pearl
So—hazed and dreamy.

* * * *

Flora, Goddess of fruits and flowers,
Thy sweetest bowers are decked, in vain:
Thy bed of clover—is now all over
A—world of pain.

Flora, Goddess of fruits and flowers,
Bring pleasant hours to us again:
Sow sweet fumed clover—the whole world over
To heal our—pain.

* * * *

We'l ride on the crest of the wave:
On the wave
Which is storm tossed and rough.
We'l float on the billows—which rave:
On the wind driven white foaming surf.

We'l ride through the breakers which break,
And we'l fly
With the spray of the foam:
We'l leap o'er the rocks and o'er-take
The winds as they circle and—moan.

We'l sing to the roaring wild wave
As it tosses
And splashes and—howls;
We'l shout with these billows which rave
And echo the hoots of the—owl.

We'l dash with the waves through the rocks
And we'l rise
With each splash on its crest;
And we'l laugh with the waves at the shocks
Which nowhere will leave us at—rest.

* * * *

Forget—aye forget:
Tis a strange truth:
We do—forget.
The smile emerges from a sorrow
To tint a joy upon tomorrow,
And all of sadness,—grief,—regret,
Of yesterday—we do forget.

Forget,—aye forget,
How strange this truth:
We do forget.
The sun now creeps through winter's shadows
To chill the daisies on the meadows,
And summer smiles have fled—and yet
We too have smiled, and now—forget.

* * * *

Oh—for a flower
Just one lonely leaf
Well faded in colors
To heighten the grief,—
Which hovers around us
And tempts us to sneer
At the fate which has found us
Without smile—or tear.

Oh for one hour,—
Just one little leaf
From memory's colors
Of youth's tinted brief,
When hope cast around us
Bright halos—so near,
That the world always found us
In smiles—with no tear.

* * * *

The sky is draped in deepest gloom:
A mourning tinge now tints its noon,
And all of mirth from earth seems fled
And all things breathing—breathe but dread.

The winds now blow—and how they sigh,
Each breeze comes moaning from the sky,
And as they pass they howl and shriek
As if, of death alone—they speak.

The twisting clouds of deep blue haze
Comes tumbling on—in wrathful ways,—
And all is dark except the flare
Of lightning—which zig zags the air.

The rain now pours—and too the crash
Of thunder follows every flash,—
And all the trees with terror thrilled
Are echoing a grief—instilled.

* * * *

The tie which binds
May not be near,—
But faded like
Through distant year:
May come to thrill
With softer touch,—
A spot—or nook,
Admired much.

When melancholy
Tints a dream,
It somehow hallows
Too—the scene,
And gives to thought
A sweeter charm,—
Which tinges each
And every—form.

No memories
So dear as those,
Which add to joy
A thrill of throes,—
A smile with sorrow
Peeping through,—
A laugh—slight toned
With echoes—blue.

Of all the nooks
In by-gone scenes,
The brighter spots
Are those—where themes
Of hope and love
Were tinged with tear:
The joys in those
Are ever—dear.

* * * *

Hurry skurry,—
Let us rush—be gone,
Let us run pell mell
To the hope—beyond:
Let us scatter like the faggots
As they flicker in the blaze:
Let us run—Hurry skurry,—
Else be lost in the haze:
Ah—well.

Hurry skurry,—
Let us leap—jump high,
Let us try—pell mell
For this hope—then die:
Let us circle like the whirlwind
As it tosses all the leaves:
Let us run,—Hurry skurry
With the wind as it grieves,—
Oh—well.

* * * *

Away off yonder
Where the Ozarks rise,
And the tree-tops purple
In the distant haze:
Where the sunbeams slumber
In cloudless skies,—
And nature ponders
Throughout her days.

Where—the soft winds swaying
The old oak boughs,
Seem singing sleep psalms
To the birds on wing,—
And the dreamy tinkling
Of bells on cows,
Adds a drowsy droning
To the sounds—which cling.

Where—brooklets murmur
Amid the trees,—
As if too sleeping
Or—half awake,—
And the crickets—chirping,
And the "hum of bees"
Gives a tone of snoring
To each breath you take.

Where—the robin's whistle
And the thrushes' trill
Seemed tinged with soft notes
From a far off dream,—
Where whispers echo
From hill to hill,—

And the sun ray mellows
To a moonlit—gleam.

* * * *

Fond memories leap
From each clinging vine,
Through the silent hush
Of this tongueless tomb;
Sweet smiles now peep
From "Auld lang syne"
Through each rose's blush
And each pansy's bloom.

How soft the sheen
Of those distant rays,
As they tint the smiles
Of those friends—long dead:
Oh happy dreams of the
Of the olden days:
Those sweeter smiles
Which from earth have fled.

* * * *

To live and sigh
Midst fragrant flowers
In this world of ours:
Where each balmy breeze
Whispers sounds to please,
And song birds fill
Each vale and hill
With melodies,—
Is a happy theme
For a—boyhood dream.

Oh how we sigh
For fragrant flowers:
To coax sweet hours,
And a balmy breeze:
With a sound to please,
And trills from a thrush:
To add a touch
Of one real joy
To this dream of—boy:
Before we—die.

* * * *

Out in the fields
Among the daisies,
Breathing air
So pure and sweet:
Moving through dreams
Where filmy fairies
Phantom these winds
With forms so neat.

Out in the fields
Among the blue-bells,
Climbing o'er hills
Through wood and glade,—
Whistling with thrush,
Robin and blue-bird,—
Out of this world:
And into its shade.
Out of this world
Among the flowers:
Tagging bee
And butterfly:
Tinting themes
With angel's colors,—
While rustling wings
On high—seem nigh.

Out in the fields
Where crystal brooklets
Lisping notes
Of bubbling glee:
Join the tongues
Of soft swished zephyrs
In songs which thrill
Bird, book and tree.

* * * *

A little tinge of setting sun,
Which tints the trees and brook:
A dim outline of soft sunshine
When sun takes its last look.

A little glint of twilight soft
Which tints the night with day;
A kind of smile which for awhile
Sends forth a flickering ray.

* * * *

In the mountains
Where the maddening roar
Of the torrents pour,—
And seem to encore
Each spurt and each splash
As the waters dash
Against boulder and rock
With a threatening shock,
And flashing jets leap
From the depths of the deep.

Then—the musical laughter
As the waters grow softer
In some shady nook
Which the stream over-took
Like a swift running boy
Gurgling gladness and joy,
And still bent on roaming
Through fountains all foaming
With no time to cool
In the shade of this pool.

Oh—for a mountain home
Up near the sky,—
Where the stars and the sun
And the moon all seem nigh,
Where the snows of the winter
In summer are near,—
And the soft winds of summer
In winter—too cheer,
Where the call of the robin
And trill of the thrush
Blend with the sounds
Of the waters—which rush:
Oh—for a mountain home
Up near the sky,—
Where living is loving,—
And heaven is—nigh.

* * * *

A little nook where comfort sleeps,
Where denser shade through shadow creeps:
A kind of nook where all is shade,—
And yet where sunshine—is inlaid.

A brilliant light—still not a glare,
A bright though dimmer tint of air:
A kind of tinge—where opaline
Is mixed with softer tints of sheen.

A mellow gloam where sunbeams glow—
Dashed with dusk—as cool as snow:
Where sunny bliss and shadows spill
A million spots—this nook to fill.

From Paradise—perfection peeps:
A trill from song-bird ever speaks:
And a little brooklet softly throws
A spray of perfume—through the rose.

* * * *

Now the blue-bird softly sings
As she spreads her waving wings,
Off she sails with joyous song
To the land—where summers throng.

Off to spring and summer tints
Where no chill of winter hints,—
Where no whiff of fozen air
Tinges hope with cold despair.

* * * *

A little wren—now scolding—peeps
Through leaves of deepest green,—
Because, above her fledging sleeps
And we—may spoil its dream.

This little wren—asleep—now dreams
The dreamy dreams of wren,—
I wonder if its tinted themes
Are like the dreams of—men.

* * * *

An old, old house
In a far-away place
In a little nook near a road:
Where old old oaks
Run a twittering race
With the bird—the bee—and the toad.

An old old house
In a far-away place
Now covered with ivy and moss:

With corridors wide,
And rooms so vast,—
That everything in it—seems lost.

In this old old house
In this far-away place,
In this castle so roomy and gaunt:
In silence we list
To songs that are sung
By the tongues of the spirits—which haunt.

In this old old house
In this far-away place
Where echos—re-echo around:
Are the choicest of songs
In the sweetest of tongues
If you only,—but search for the sound.

* * * *

Out of bondage—
You and I,—
Free as zephyrs
As they sigh
Through the trees
And under-brushes:
Tickling flowers
Into blushes,—
Stealing perfume
From the roses,—
Filling this—and
That maid's noses:
Whispering to
Fays and witches,
Tossing dry leaves
Through the ditches,
Chasing bubbles
O'er the brook,
Forming whirlpools
In each nook:
Free—forever,
Free to fly:
Out of bondage
You—and I.

* * * *

PSALMS

Always say Good Night, Dear,
Always say—Good Night.
Never say Good Morning
To the rising sun:
Some little tiny cloud Dear
May overcome its light,
And then 'twill not be day Dear,
Night—has come.

Always say Good Night Dear,
Always say Good Night.
Never say Good Morning
Till the day is o'er:
Wait until the darkness
Has tinged the tinted light,
And then 'twill be Good Night Dear,
For ever-more.

Always say Good Night Dear,
Always say Good Night.
Never say Good Morning
When the day is near,—
Some throb primed with sorrow
May dim tomorrow's light,
And sunbeams jewel eye-gleams
With a tear.

Always say Good Night Dear,
Always say Good Night.
Never say Good Morning
Till the day is o'er,—
Wait until the sun's ray
Is tinged with evening's light,
And then 'twill be too late Dear
For ever-more.

* * * *

Of sweet sounds I never grow weary.
Of soft sighs I'm never in fear:
But bright smiles though ever so cheery,
Like day dreams do soon disappear.

To sweet tongues I love for to listen.
To love lisps which seldom draw near:
For love gleams whenever they glisten,—
In closed eyes—do soon disappear.

* * * *

My dreams of future
Are passing by,—
Like floating mistings
Which drape the sky:
I cannot touch them
These fleecy clouds,—
My dear dead phantoms
Within their shrouds.

My dreams of future
Are fading fast,—
These fleery nothings
Are floating past,—
And while I watch them
I love them much,—
I'd like to kiss them
Just—one last touch.

My dreams of future
And too—what dreams
Of summer settings
Midst winter scenes,
And love-lisps tingeing
Each sweeter tie,—
Till all of sorrow
With love—would sigh.

My dreams of future,
Oh—what a dream,—
Where smiles like sunbeams
Would tint each theme:
Where every tongue tie
Would twine a love,—
And every eye-gleam
A love glance—prove.

* * * *

If all we seem
Were felt within
How much of faith were lost:
The love we dream
Now but a whim
Were then with hate embossed.

If all of thought
Were typed without,

How much of ink we'd lose:
Deceit forgot
The truth would pout
And tongue with print—confuse.

* * * *

An idiot posing
In silent thought:
Where wit is dozing
And fun forgot:
In deep abstraction
To self assigned,—
Now comes reflection
To a simple mind.

A reservation
Where self is sin
And all temptation
Runs wild within:
In mental maelstrom
Where thoughts whirl around
And paint new logic
On a tongue profound.

* * * *

Life is all a parting Dear,
Broken there—and welded here.
Today is but tomorrow's birth
And yesterdays have stolen mirth.

Joy is gone and pleasure parts:
Pain has come to shrivel hearts.
Today is but tomorrow's birth
And yesterdays have fled with mirth.

* * * *

Aeons and aeons agone
When no-one lived
And winds soughed symphonies
Which no-one heard:
And love but whispered
Its softer—themes
In the rhythmic murmurs
Of the streams,—
And all of grandeur
Knew no tone;
But the one which

Nature calls its own:
How sweet these psalms
How truly sweet
To Him who cares not
For—conceit.

* * * *

Alas and alack
And now for a cheer:
A sweet thought
Of something
To drive off a tear:
A kind of a terror
Resembling a thrill,—
A wavering like tremble
A sort of a chill.

Hurra and Hooray,—
And now for a shout.
A whoop Sir,—
A big one,—
And now that its out:
I feel kind of free-er
As if Sir—at last
The wavering like tremble
And tear too—is past.

* * * *

If there's no sin without intention,—
I too in mind, should then seem pure,
For every word that I can mention
Is meaning less each day—I'm sure.

Then should I die upon tomorrow:
Believing less nor heeding rules,
Like idiots and infants—crawling,
To paradise I'll go with fools.

* * * *

Here's to Palm Sunday,
Eat a "fig":
And on Whit Sunday
Roast a "pig":
And tempt St. Michael
With a "goose":
And for Shrove Tuesday
"Pancakes" choose.

Then on Good Friday
"Cross Buns"—hot:
Ash Wednesday
A "salted cod":
And Christmas Day
A pudding "plum":
Now—New Years day
A "good old bun".

* * * *

Oh for a throb which no-one knows,
A trill in a tone which always grows,
A tinge in a hope which ever flares
To drive from our dreams all dark despair.

Oh for a faith which thrills with love,
Now—here,—not there,—nor up above:
An ever tuneful throbbing—blent
With fairest dreams of sweet content.

* * * *

A thought in touch
With nothing much:
A kind of guess
Where no and yes
Have equal chance
To guide the glance.

A mind so fraught
With nearly naught,
That every taste
Can track a trace,
And naught in kind
Is well defined.

A kind of haze
Where dreams but daze
A mellowed light
Where day and night
Do always blend
And—neither end.

A constant whirl
Where thoughts do curl
And mixing fast
Grew none at last.

An endless dream
Without a scheme.

* * * *

A tinge of fame
Fell from a name
And rolling 'round
Took root in ground
And grew a tree
Which shaded thee.

Now zephyrs light
Breathe through the night
And touch the leaves
Which fame but breathes
Through this old tree
Which shaded thee.

Sweet dreams too moan
From breezes blown
Where whispers tint
The faintest hint
Of this old tree
Which shaded thee.

And now we'l soon
New paint the moon
Which sheds a light
Of silver bright
Upon this tree
Which shaded thee.

* * * *

Beautiful thoughts
And lovely words:
An after dinner speech.
Wind on the stomach
Is often heard,
Where tongues can never reach.

Beautiful words
Without a deed,
A syphon filled with fume:
A kind of an empty
Scentful seed
Of flowers which ne'er bloom.

* * * *

A tongue which paints
Such pretty thought,
A brush so primed with air:
That every tone
Of artful touch
Is tinged with tints more rare.

A tongue so sweet
With honied phrase
That all of happy hints,
Seem gurgling through
Its twirling ways
In sparkling brilliant tints.

* * * *

Come now Karma
Count the deck,
Deal the cards
And errors check:
Evils—sin and
Mis-deeds—spent,
Sum them all
And be—content.

That, Oh Karma
Life has run:
Keep the good
That I have done:
Save it Karma—
Though a speck
Sift it from
My well worn deck.

* * * *

St. Fillian, Come
Brew me a tear,—
A tiny drop
To ease my fear:
The smallest drip
Of common sense,—
To buoy my hopes
Of "where" and "whence".

For "which" and "what"
Have doubtful sound,
And "who" and "why"

Are most profound,—
And "here" and "hence"
Are sometimes missed,—
But "where" and "whence"
Are—never guessed.

* * * *

Away off at nowhere
Where somewhere now ends,
And daylight in no light
With deep night now blends,
Where something with nothing
Now mingles in space,—
And nothing seems something
With nothing to trace.

Away off at nowhere
Which somewhere is found,
Where nowhere and somewhere
Are both circling 'round,
Where something gives nothing
A trace of its touch,—
And nothing gives something
A touch of—not much.

Away off at somewhere
Where nowhere is seen,
And somewhere with nowhere
Leaves nothing between,—
And nothing with something
Seems shifting in space;
And something in nothing
Seems too, out of place.

Away off at somewhere
Where nowhere begins,
And somewhere and nowhere
'Round nothing now spins,
Away off in nowhere
There gleams for awhile
A something from nothing
Which seems like a smile.

* * * *

Away off somewhere,
Where? No-one knows.

Where the twilights heighten,
And the dawn too—glows:
Where the moon is melting
In the gloom of night,
And the sun seems hidden
In a softer—light.

Away off somewhere,
Where no trouble brews,
Where winds ne'er hasten
To spread sad news,
Where each tongue trebles
With the thrills of joy,
And life hopes soften
To the dreams of—boy.

Away off there Sir
I'd like to fly,—
As the twilight saddens
The Western sky,—
And the full moon's shadow
Just tops the hill,—
And all of nature
Seems sad and still

Away off there Sir
In a sudden flight,
As day to evening
Says—Good Night:
In that softer hour
I'd like to roam,—
And—there—and ever,
Find—a home.

* * * *

Let the words of my mouth
And the throbs of my heart
Be pure Oh Lord in thy sight:
Let the thoughts of my mind
To my tongue Lord impart
Those themes which to Thee seem upright.

Keep safe Lord thy servant
From all stain of sin,—
Let my motives be pure in Thy sight:

Oh Lord give me power
To wrest with a vim,
Deceit from dominion and might.

* * * *

Out of the past
Shadows are cast
Into the future sigh,
Unpleasant themes
Peep from the dreams
Those themes from dreams gone by.

A vain regret,—
A thought unkind,—
One of those themes
Which lag behind,—
Comes now to tint me
With its gloam,—
And make me dream
Of youth and home.

Now past our youth
Untinted truth
Dispels all phantom's sphere,
Those youthful themes
Were pleasant dreams
But dreams now tinged with tear.

Oh home sweet home,—
How sweet the thought
Of spirits gone
But not forgot—
How good those dreams
Which then—so kind,
Could e'en leave grief
To lag—behind.

* * * *

The flesh a myth
Has disappeared,
And Christ the God
Is risen:
No dream of death
Need now be feared
For soul has wrecked
Its prison.

The fleshly myth
Is gone—has fled,
And spirit reigns
Supreme:
Tis but the flesh
Which died—is dead,
The soul still dreams
Its dream.

* * * *

A thought of love
And then of hate,—
And then these two
Entwined:
A kind of dream
Where angels seem,—
And demons smile
Unkind.

A thought of hope
And then,—despair,
And too—these two
Combined:
A kind of dream
Where demons scream
And no-one seems
To mind.

* * * *

Perhaps 'tis well
To sit in state
And fold our arms
And look
Into the dome
Of eternal space,
From out our
Little nook.

And too perhaps:
To scan the stars
And count them o'er
Or—try,
To begin at one
And end at none,
And catch the sun's
Bright eye.

An idle gleam
Of this smaller scheme
May give our minds
Some thought
Of a lighter vein
Where phantoms reign
And facts are soon
Forgot.

For when we look
How well we see
The sky—the stars
The moon,—
All gilded glints
Of a fantasy
To tinge and tint
The—tomb.

* * * *

And now that life
Has almost run,
And space seems
Drawing—near,—
The dream of time's
Eternal dawn
Paints hope tints
On the tear.

And too—this tear
Has almost dried
And smiles seem
Breaking through:
This dream of life's
Eternal morn,—
Brings youth
To me—to you.

* * * *

Out into the great beyond:
Where? No-one knows.
Uncertain when—or whence:
Each one goes.
Who goes next?

As the summer's suns pass on
Into the known past beyond:

So shall the future days become
Brilliant with
More summer's sun.

All who were have gone before,
And all who are—shall too explore.
Shall a time come
Of time—no more.

Who shall next be asked to go.
To solve the riddle of where to go:
To pass beyond this mortal ken
And learn this secret
So dear to—men.

Cut into the great beyond:
Where? No-one knows.
Uncertain—When-—or Whence?
Each one goes.
Who goes next.

* * * *

A shade of the days:
Just a shadow of night
Which comes in the day time
To mix with the light:
A sort of a dimming
And dusking of sun
A kind of a day that the night leans upon.

A shadow of night
In the flare of the sun,
Where sunlight and twilight
And moonlight—seem one,
A sort of a shade
Which settles its gloom
On the rays of the days
Until chased by the moon.

* * * *

Away—away to Galilee
To the little sea of Galilee:
Of dark blue water
A lovely sheet,—
Mong naked hills
Where flowers sweet
In wild profusion

Skirt its edge
Twixt sea and earth
To form a ledge.

Away—away to Galilee
To the little sea of Galilee:
Where snowy Hermon
Stands—sublime
A sentinel
Of ancient time,—
O'er capped by snows
Of aging years
Which glisten with
A Saviour's tears.

* * * *

Twas at sunset in October
When all nature grows more sober,
No tree had waved nor bird had sung
And all the hills seemed ranged upon
The serest brown of saddest cast
Where melancholy painted—best.

Shepherds lonely croning softly:
Dressed in skins of beast so roughly,
Knitting as they watched their flock
Droned in tones of saddest talk.

Distant mountains shrinking dimly,—
Ghosts of peaks which peeped out grimly
Into dreary barren space,—
Gave to thought a themeless trace.

Yet,—at times there came upon us
Thoughts of grandeur which had stung us
Into thrills of another day:
On this—the old Flaminian Way.

Rome itself—now lay beyond us,—
Solemn—sad, although it found us
On this road so bleak and lonely
Where group of domes and spires—only
(The rest was hidden by a hill)
Now broke the gloom and tapped the thrill.

* * * *

May your shadow always and ever grow
So that tints of twilight in evening's glow,
Shall measure tracings when sun has set
To paint your pathway with kind thoughts—yet

May your smile Sir always and ever gleam
Like the glints of morning when the dew-drops gleam,
And joy be painted—in heart—on face,—
When naught but sunset is left to—trace.

* * * *

ANY MAN LEFT

Perfumed winds now float in space
Tinted with tobacco's trace,
As this mist in wavelets pass
Each young laddie with his lass,
Spins around in awkward grace
Glancing—prancing—face to face.

And now too—the fire flares,
From within its genius stares,
And settles on the eyes of maids
Reflecting gleams to chase the shades
From faces furled in wrinkled fold
As each now steps the cotillion—bold.

While now too—the lively air
Makes more lively—each one there,
As on the corners all do prance
The ra-ta-tap of the old time dance.
Now they're bowing, if you please:
As if each tried his best to sneeze,
And failed in sneezing thought he'd sing,—
And doing neither—just did swing.

Oh—for the days of the old time dance:
Hurrah—Hurray for the old time prance,
I'd sooner jump, and roar, and swing,
And help to cut the "pigeon's wing"
Than bow and scrape and slide with grace:
Hurrah—Hurray—for the old time pace.

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